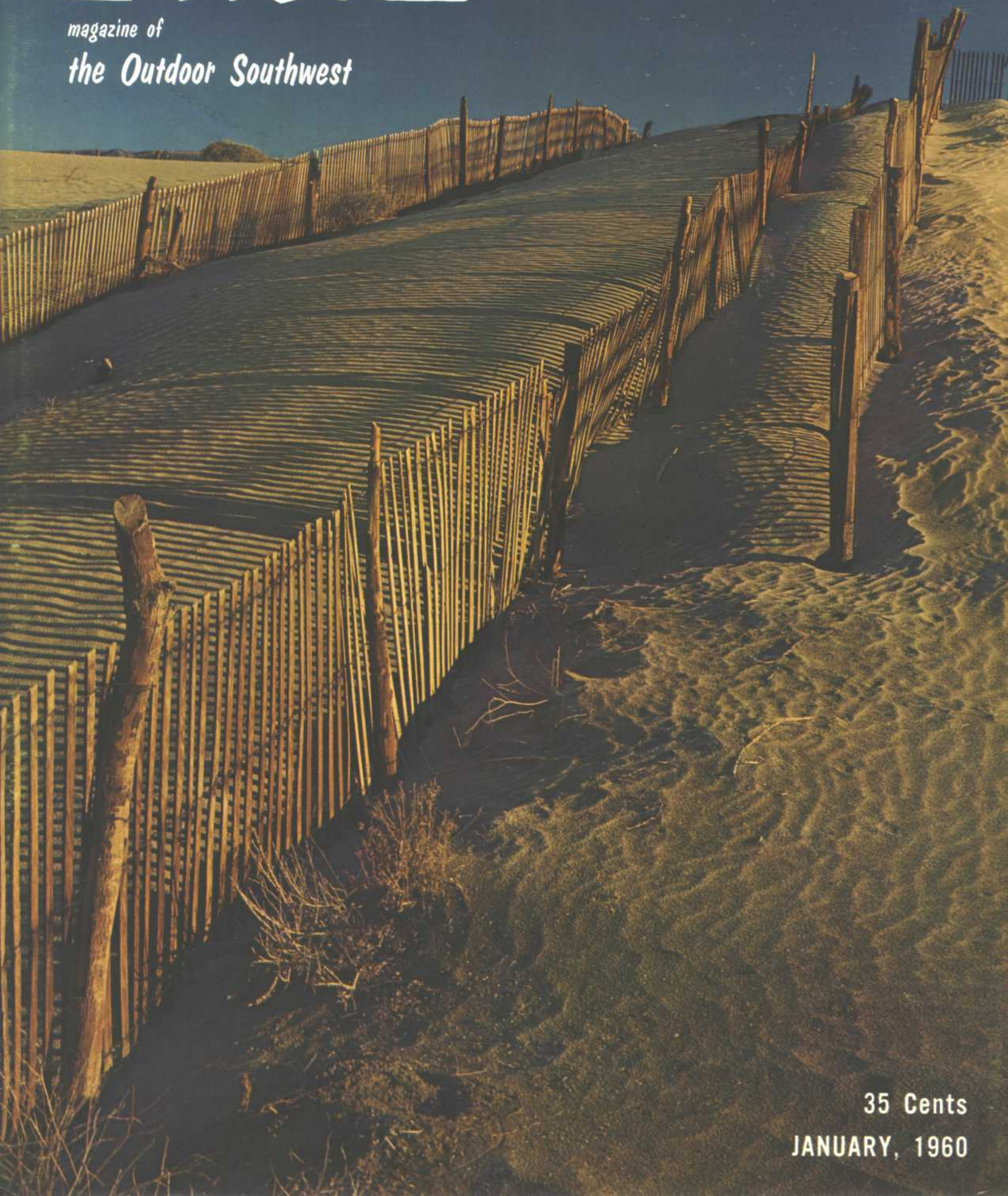


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## Publisher's Notes . . .

Thousands of new readers will be introduced to *Desert Magazine* this month, thanks to the generosity of subscription donors who are using *Desert* as a gift idea.

This business of sending magazine subscriptions as Christmas, birthday and anniversary gifts is growing rapidly. And there's no "payola" tinge connected with a remembrance that is as thoughtful as a subscription to a quality magazine.

\* \* \*

The year of 1960 will be a federal census year. It will show amazing population growth throughout the Southwest. Areas that were open sweeps of cactus-studded plain will soon be teeming cities. As water becomes available, vast valleylands, once suitable only for grazing, are being converted to intense agricultural use. The pressure of population in America has forced the "discovery" of the desert country as an increasingly attractive place of residence and commerce.

It will be *Desert Magazine's* job to record some of the changes being wrought on the face of the Southwest, though, frankly, we long for the "good old days," whenever and whatever they were!

One of the changes for the better—in recent years—has been the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum near Tucson. This fine museum-zoo recognizes the vast changes ahead, the problems and heartaches that go with a burgeoning population picture. Instead of bemoaning the desert's "fate," the museum is teaching its visitors an appreciation of the desertland, an

understanding of the delicate balance of animal and plant life that exists in the arid portions of the Southwest—educating for conservation of our natural resources.

A three-part feature in this issue of *Desert* tells of the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum's commendable efforts to keep up with the changing Southwest.

\* \* \*

Following distribution of our November issue, many readers wrote us, asking if reprints of the John Hilton paintings which appeared on the covers were available. At the present time no reprints have been made, but we hope, after a few more paintings have appeared on our covers, to make up a portfolio of selected reprints, suitable for framing and devoid of lettering. This project will be sometime hence, however.

The next artist to appear on *Desert's* cover will be Fremont Ellis of Santa Fe, New Mexico. One of his Monument Valley paintings will be the subject of our March front cover.

\* \* \*

New readers who want to travel through more of *Desert's* pages than they might find available on a month-to-month basis should examine the back-issue notice that appears on the opposite page. Last year almost 8000 back-copies of *Desert* were purchased by members of the *Desert Magazine* family.

\* \* \*

A happy, healthy, prosperous and pleasant New Year to you all—

CHUCK SHELTON  
Publisher

# Desert — magazine of the OUTDOOR SOUTHWEST

Volume 23

JANUARY, 1960

Number 1

## COVER

Man puts shackles upon the golden sands in a fruitless attempt to stay their wandering feet. Against these sand-fences the dunes pile in frozen waves. Josef Muench took the cover photo on the Colorado Desert in Coachella Valley, Calif.

DESERT PROJECT	6
TRAVELING ZOO	9
PERSONALITY	12
ARCHEOLOGY	15
HISTORY	18
ART	20
LOST TREASURE	22
COMMUNITY	24
TRAVEL	27
ADVENTURE	38
NATURE	43
BACK COVER	

Arizona-Sonora Museum	Charles E. Shelton
Desert Ark	Bob and Marge Riddell
"Cactus John" Haag	Phyllis W. Heald
Legendary Pecos	James Abarr
Boy's Eyeview of Needles	Harrison Doyle
Ila McAfee of Taos	W. Thetford LeViness
Papago Arsenal	Bernard L. Fontana
Pioche, Nevada	Margaret Stovall
Mexico's Route 2	Nell Murbarger
Isla Encantada	John Hilton
Hummingbirds	Edmund C. Jaeger
Rivoli's Hummingbird	Brower Hall

— also —

4: Readers' Letters	5: Photo of the Month	14: Driving Tips
30: Southwest Books	31: New Mexico Travel—Pueblo Dances	
32: Arizona Travel—Apache Trail	36: News Briefs	
37: California Travel—Essex Country	40: Poem of the Month	
41: Photo Hints	42: Editorial	



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EUGENE L. CONROTTO . . . Editor  
RANDALL HENDERSON  
..... Advisory Editor  
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# LETTERS

... FROM OUR READERS ...

## Praise for Jaeger . . .

Desert:

Edmund Jaeger's nature study articles are tremendously worthwhile. But, I cannot remember anything that went right to the heart as much as did his "Creosote Bush" in the November issue. My memory went back to the days when we used to explore the desert between Whitewater, Calif., and Yuma, Ariz.—before there was a paved highway through that country. I recalled the corduroy roads, the sign at Fig Tree John's: "No water ahead for 40 miles."

C. M. GOETHE  
Sacramento, Calif.

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### \$5: Poem of the Month

Poems must be original, previously unpublished and not more than 24 lines in length. Only desert subjects considered. Address: Poetry Contest.

\* \* \*

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Palm Desert, Calif.

## An Old-Timer Remembers . . .

Desert:

It was with a great deal of interest that I read Harrison Doyle's story of early Needles, Calif., in the November *Desert Magazine*. Needles was my "hometown" when I was a young man (I first arrived in 1886). Doyle's father was well known to me, as was the girl, Hazel. I barely knew the boy, Harrison, he being so much younger than I. But, he tells a very good story, indeed, of life in Needles in those days, and I shall look forward eagerly for the third installment of his reminiscence.

CHARLES BATTYE  
San Bernardino, Calif.

## Forthright Eyeview . . .

Desert:

Harrison Doyle's "Boy's Eyeview" series is terrific. The stories are forthright, unembroidered and nonmoralizing. I hope for many more of them. Doyle is a wonderful reporter.

MRS. B. ROUTH BRADLEY  
Salt Lake City

(Doyle's third and concluding "Boy's Eyeview" appears on page 18.—Ed.)

## Fresh Bread Aroma . . .

Desert:

Ruth Westphal's "Homestead Christmas—1880" in the Christmas issue of *Desert Magazine* captured our fancy. But Mrs. Westphal forgot to add the fascinating and tantalizing aroma of sour dough bread baking in Grandmother's wood-burning stove or cooling off on the table under a clean dish towel.

VERA L. AUSTIN  
Burbank, Calif.

## Christmas Spirit . . .

Desert:

The color insert in the December issue was beautiful, and the captions of Biblical quotations most appropriate. Are copies of this insert available?

MEL YOUNG  
Phoenix

(The special insert—along with a mailing envelope—can be purchased for 25c each. Orders should be sent to: *Desert Magazine*, Palm Desert, Calif.—Ed.)

## LAPIDARY DISPLAY AT DESERT MAGAZINE

George Ashley's award-winning lapidary work will be placed on display during the month of January at the admission-free Desert Magazine Art Gallery in Palm Desert, Calif. Ashley, owner of a rare kunzite mine in Pala, Calif., will show bowls and vases he carved from a variety of gem materials, including chrysocolla, jade, agate, petrified wood, variscite, malachite, amethyst and jasper.

These pieces have been exhibited in major gem shows, winning for their creator many awards, including the Parser Trophy for outstanding lapidary achievement at the National Gem Show at Denver in 1957.

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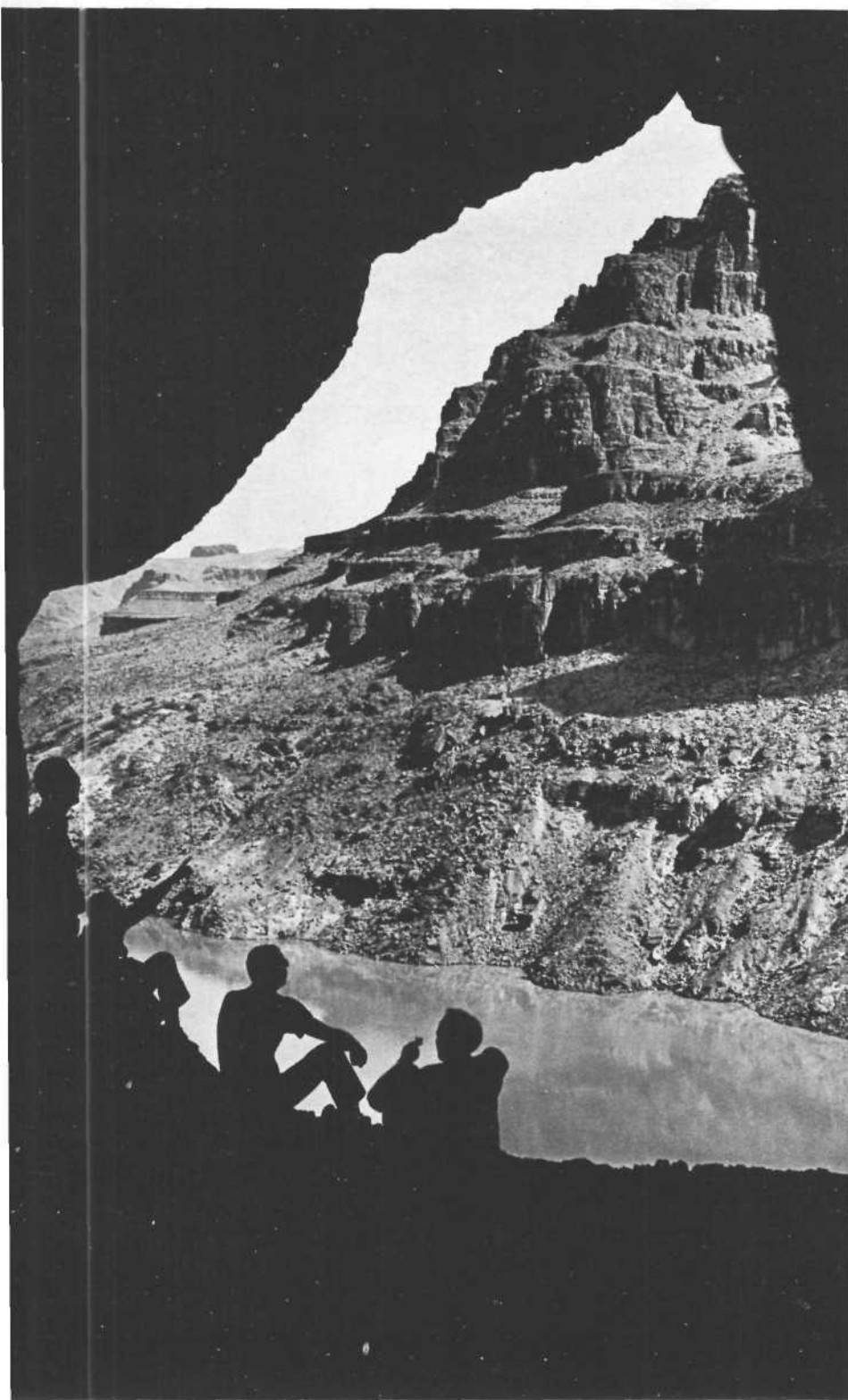
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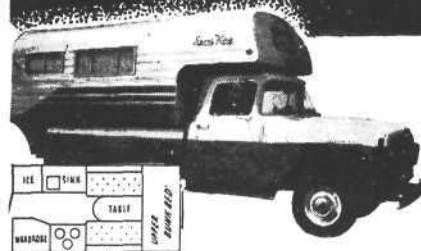
## Photo of the Month

Hikers pause in Muav Cave in the Lower Grand Canyon to inspect at long range an eroded but-tress on the other side of the Colorado River. Photo is by Hulbert Burroughs.

(see preceding page for photo of the month contest rules)

JANUARY, 1960

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# UNIQUE ZOO UNIQUE MUSEUM -- and all desert

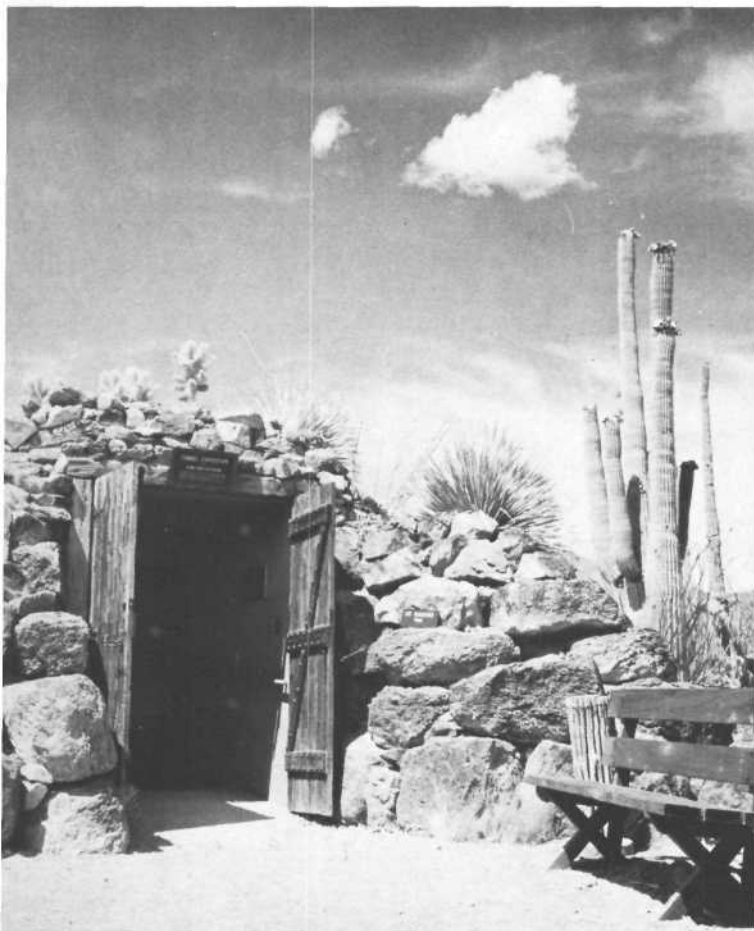
Visitors to the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum in the saguaro-studded foothills of Tucson gain knowledge and understanding of an interesting, arid zone

By CHARLES E. SHELTON



ENTRANCE TO THE MUSEUM GROUNDS 

A "NEW AND ENJOYABLE EXPERIENCE"—SEEING ANIMALS IN NATURAL UNDERGROUND SURROUNDINGS—IS AFFORDED BY MUSEUM'S TUNNEL EXHIBIT. ENTRANCE, SHOWN BELOW, LEADS DOWN RAMP TO SPECIALLY-LIGHTED VIEWING AREA.



GRAPHIC DISPLAYS ARE KEYNOTE TO UNDERSTANDING MUSEUM'S EDUCATIONAL EXHIBITS. BY PUSHING BUTTONS AT VARIOUS STATIONS, VISITORS MAY HEAR PRE-RECORDED MESSAGES ON SOIL AND WATER CONSERVATION TOPICS.





**A** KIT FOX, FURTIVE creature of the desertland, awakened in its cool underground den, opened its sleepy eyes and gazed at a matronly lady from Ohio who was standing quietly fascinated a few inches from the fox's nose.

A couple of paces from this scene some rattlesnakes, seeking escape from the sun's searing rays, crawled into their cave, coiling to rest near the pointed fingertip of a man from Colorado who explained to his wife, "They've come down here into the tunnel where it's cool; they can't take too much heat."

The tunnel he was referring to is one of several unusual features of Tucson's Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum, a museum-zoo that is unique in its field. After wandering over much of the museum's grounds I was convinced that it is one of the best planned desert research centers in the world. Yet, I'm still not sure whether the place is a museum or a zoo or a Nature preserve—or all three. Or more.

Let's look at the tunnel as an example of the unusual. It is a subway 14 feet deep, covered with native rock and crowned with cactus. On each side of the 175-foot cavern are glass-fronted dens and caves where a dozen different desert animals spend their days. At night they can climb into outdoor cages. Some of the subterranean cubicles are occupied by ant colonies, others by spreading roots of growing plants.

In the tunnel, the only one of its kind when it was first built, human beings comfortably walk down a ramp to examine—only a glass-pane away—the basement behavior of a badger in his dug-out, sleeping bats, prairie dogs, snakes, skunks, ring-tail cats and other denizens that are seldom seen by man because of their nocturnal habits.

William H. Carr, founder and director-emeritus of the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum, described the stirrings that led to the creation of the Tunnel Exposition: "I had been connected with the museum since its inception and was familiar with the frequent question: 'Why don't we see more animals here? Isn't this supposed to be a zoo or wildlife area?' It would be a hot summer day. I'd explain that desert animals usually go underground to escape the heat of day. Then there would follow a remark: 'I guess we are here at the wrong time of the day,' or 'Wouldn't it be interesting to be able to look underground and see how they live down there?'"

So the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum designed and built the novel tunnel which is today one of the special features of this interesting desert educational center. Another unique program sponsored by the museum is "Water Street," a quarter-million dollar outdoor exhibit that tells in graphic and understandable mechanics why water conservation in the arid areas of the Southwest is so important.

The purpose of Water Street is to educate. By pushing a button the casual visitor can learn, through an ingenious measuring device, the destructive power of a drop of rain falling on denuded soil. The visitor, too, can watch a dozen or more other machines that gauge the percolating qualities of various soils, measure evaporation, transpiration, or watch capillary action at work. It is an unthinking person who is not impressed as to the importance of conservation of precipitation after spending an hour pushing buttons, listening to brief recorded lectures, and reading descriptive signs along Water Street.

Another special feature of the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum is its famed Wildlife Blind where photographers gather at night to film the desert animals that come to the nearby waterhole. Use of the blind, with its strobonar

lights, is available to dues-paying members of the museum.

Special, too, is the setting of the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum. It sits on the saguaro-studded slopes of the Tucson Mountains, 15 miles west of Tucson. When I visited the museum recently huge clouds filled the sky, their shadows falling on palo verdes golden with bloom. From the porch of the museum's main exhibit building I could look across the far-sweeping Avra Valley, across Papago Indian country, and to the dark blue mountains of Mexico, some 60 miles away.

It is appropriate that the eye can travel from the museum's porch to the peaks of Mexico, for the museum-zoo is an international project, covering the entire Sonoran Desert, part of which lies in Arizona and part in the Mexican state of Sonora.

William Woodin, Director, explains: "This international aspect of our museum is another unique thing about us. Real and friendly cooperation has been carried on between American and Mexican governmental agencies for the past seven years, though there is nothing official about our international relationship.

"Many of the plants and animals and birds here have



MUSEUM GROUNDS ARE SET IN SPECTACULAR SAGUARO FOREST 

been collected by Mexican friends. Their naturalists share our interest in the Sonoran Desert project."

Growing in popularity each year, the museum-zoo-conservation project is not tax-supported, but meets its budget from the contributions of some 1200 members and from the reasonable admission fees. Last year 196,000 visitors wandered along the exhibition hallways, through the tunnel, down Water Street, and along the carefully landscaped pathways bordered with native Sonoran plants.

In describing the wide appeal that the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum has, Mr. Woodin told me: "Recently we checked on the license plates of cars parked in our lots and found 44 states represented during one day of operation. We have two peak periods as far as visitors are concerned: one in the winter from January through March and the other during the summer vacation months of July and August."

The museum not only preaches the doctrine of educating the younger generation, but practices its beliefs. Special appeals are made to schools in Arizona to send their classes to the museum grounds, and last year more than 12,000 Arizona youngsters did just that.

More than inviting students to the "campus," the museum literally goes to school itself—another unusual Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum project. Each year it sends a station wagon, appropriately named the "Desert Ark," traveling throughout Arizona, loaded with a dozen desert animals and Hal Gras, director of the troupe. (See next page for a picture report on the Desert Ark project.)

Woodin hopes that the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum can someday become a center of research and Nature study for the North American desert areas. "We hope that our facilities can be made available as a study center for all scientists interested in desert projects. But we also plan to remain an outdoor museum that has wide appeal for the average visitor. Our main object will always be to educate for conservation."—END



 HUMAN VISITORS ARE WELCOME IN BIRD COMPOUND FOR VIEW OF MANY SPECIES. TURKEY VULTURE, ABOVE, IS NATIVE OF WEST.

The Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum's activities are not confined to the institution's grounds. For a report on the Museum's "traveling zoo," see the following pages.



"GEORGE MOUNTAINLION" IS ARIZONA-SONORA MUSEUM'S MASCOT



WATER STREET TEACHES THE LESSON OF DESERT'S CONSERVATION NEEDS



# THE DESERT ARK

-- project of the  
*Arizona - Sonora Desert Museum*



Photographs by BOB and MARGE RIDDELL

🏠 FALINE, WHITETAIL FAWN, RECEIVES THE GENTLE  
ATTENTION OF A GROUP OF SCHOOL CHILDREN

Hal Gras is public relations director of the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum. Part of his job involves the care, conditioning and exhibiting of the Desert Ark's wild animal troupe. He takes his animals to three Tucson television appearances weekly, and to the Museum each Sunday afternoon. In addition, Hal appears in about 200 school programs a year.

In their work, Hal and Natie Gras do not consider the wild animals as being "tamed." They are "conditioned" through love, respect and gentle care and handling. They accustom the animals to being firmly but gently handled. Once a wild animal loses respect for a human, it is no longer trustworthy. Hal is convinced that his success with the Ark's star performers is due to the many hours of loving care Natie gives them at the Nursery.

*Continued* ➡



## The Desert Ark

(continued from preceding page)

**Upper Left:** Hal Gras feeds marshmallow to the Desert Ark's pet skunk

**Upper Right:** "Diablo," two-week-old bobcat, gets milk from eyedropper. Towel protects against sharp claws.

**Left:** Nattie Gras gives a barn owl named "No-No" tidbit of fresh meat

**Opposite page:** 5-month-old mountain lion shows off for Nursery visitors

**Lower Left:** Jean Gras, 13, gently handles a baby bird. In time Ark's wild birds become tame as canaries.

**Lower Right:** "B-B," the busy badger, prepares to visit a nearby school







## *Arizona-Sonora Desert Ark . . .*

(continued from preceding page)

Studying the great Sonoran Desert's animal life is an enjoyable part of the Museum's varied program, as the photo above shows—but only a part. Sharing the stage with the Desert Ark, Water Street, Tunnel Exposition, Aquarium and Museum Zoo is an arboretum of Sonoran plantlife, for the Museum is located in a vast and landscaped garden. "Cactus John" Haag of Tucson tends these bizarre plantings. His story appears on the following pages.

"MR. HAAG?" I inquired as I came along the path and stopped a few feet from where a man was bending over a cactus plant.

It was mid-morning and the summer sun beat down on Tucson with relentless vigor. But the man didn't notice the heat — or me. I watched while, with bare hands, he took a piece of cactus that had broken off a main stem and gently nuzzled it into the sandy earth until it stood alone. Then he straightened up, nodding contentedly.

"Mr. Haag?" I repeated.

This time he heard. He turned and in a soft voice with just the hint of a German accent, said, "Everybody calls me Cactus John." Then he smiled, held out his hand and I knew we would be friends.

"I've come," I explained, "hoping you'll show me your fabulous garden. I've been told it's the most magnificent cactus collection in Arizona."

His smile broadened and he waved his hand to indicate a half acre of planting, "I've got almost two thousand specimens here."

As I looked around I saw many desert friends — saguaro, ocotillo, prickly pear and others, but there were hundreds of strangers, too. It was an impressive sight.

"How did you ever acquire so many in the three years you've lived here?"

"I brought a thousand of them with me from Minnesota."

It was my turn to smile. "Isn't that sort of like bringing 'coals to Newcastle'?"

"No indeed!" Cactus John grew serious. "This garden represents the entire cactus and succulent world. I have plants from Mexico, Central America and as far away as Chile. Only a small percent are native to the Southwest."

"No wonder you won the Gold Medal Certificate at the International Flower Show in New York with your cacti display. Or," I looked at him questioning, "should I say, *cactuses*?"

As I spoke I studied my host. He wasn't tall, he wasn't stout, he wasn't young. On the other hand he wasn't short, nor thin, nor old. "Just a very nice average person," I thought. Which only proved how little I knew Cactus John.

His answer showed that quality of kindness which is such an inherent

# "CACTUS JOHN" HAAG

part of the man. "I always try to say 'cactus plants'. It avoids trouble."

As we slowly wandered through the fantastic, fascinating world of Cactaceae its owner told me a little about himself.

"I was born in Norwood, Minnesota in 1907," he started. Then interrupted his story, "Be careful! Don't brush against that *Spachinaus*. It'll hurt!" He looked at it and frowned. "It's too near the walk. I suppose I should move it. But I hate to—it's doing so well."

I watched his expression change as he studied the tall, spiky plant that resembles an Organ Pipe. His frown faded and his face lighted with something deeper than pride. I decided it was love.

John Haag's background is German. It was while reading his grandfather's German botanical books that, as a boy of twelve, he first learned of cactus.

"In those days nobody was interested in them in our part of the country," he continued. "I did buy a few of the common varieties at the 5 & 10c store, but they died. I gave them too much water."

"You started your career as a botanist early, didn't you?"

John Haag laughed. "Maybe I shouldn't tell—but I flunked botany in high school."

Eventually he moved to St. Paul and there, with the public library, University and other facilities close at hand, John was able to continue his studies. By 1930, when he had courted and married at-

tractive Clara Kunz, his interest in cactus and succulents had become a consuming hobby and he had the foundation of his comprehensive collection.

It was unquestionably wise of John Haag to take up electrical engineering as a profession and keep botany for a pastime pleasure to enjoy with his wife in vacation hours. Thus he remained free to pursue the subject in his own way. Clara loved the world of Nature too, and joined enthusiastically in his special hobby. Much of his early success with cactus growing, grafting and experimentation is due to her.

In 1937 Clara and John joined the Cactus and Succulent Society of America and became life members. They never missed the bi-annual conventions and were enthusiastic promoters of these affairs. One Christmas they sent piggy-banks to a hundred cactus-minded friends with the usual message of seasonal greetings plus a P.S.—"Feed the Piggy for next year's Convention."

The cactus collection soon outgrew their home on Stryker Street in West St. Paul so John built a special glass house for it. Here he accumulated the greatest variety of cactuses east of the Rockies with the exception of the famous Missouri Botanical Gardens of St. Louis. His greenhouse became officially known as the CACTUS AND SUCCULENT CONSERVATORY — succulents being "water storing plants." It was always open to the public, there was no admission charge and nothing was ever sold, although many plants were given away. The Haag Conservatory became part of the experimental field for students of botany at the University of Minnesota and John was an unofficial consultant to its Agricultural College in St. Paul.

"Clara and I were always on the lookout for new and rare specimens," John explained. "Our vacations became cactus hunting trips and we traveled all over the Southwest and down into Mexico. I don't like to write but I must have composed hundreds of letters during those years because I was in correspondence with garden clubs throughout the world. Most of my contacts were with people in

## A LOVE FOR PLANTS



the desert sections of South America and Mexico and it was always quite a job to get letters translated. Finally, in desperation, I went to night school and studied Spanish."

That is why, today, John can discuss on his favorite topic in English, German, Spanish and, if you don't stray from botany, he can go along in Latin, too.

His growing fame as a collector and expert on cactus gave John opportunity to lecture at numerous clubs and conventions. Eventually the St. Paul Broadcasting Company got him to appear on their *Garden of Knowledge* weekly program. It was there he received his nickname and within a short time the quiet voice of Cactus John got top rating from the listening world of the station.

Along with his collection of desert plants, Cactus John commenced raising that most glamorous flower—the orchid.

"It is not as strange as it seems to keep orchids and cactus together," he explained. "They vie with each other for floral beauty, the orchid is a water storer and it needs warmth the same as cactus. The only difference is, it requires moisture too. But humidity isn't hard to supply even in a dry country. I had to sell my orchid plants when I came West, but as soon as I finish this garden, I'm going to build a greenhouse and start them again."

Cactus John made such a success as an orchidist that he was invited to join the Orchid Society of Harvard Botanical Museum and is one of 60 life members in an organization of more than 5000 people.

It was only natural that the Haags should accumulate a fine specialized library which now includes hundreds of books and magazines on the subjects of cactus, succulents and orchids. Among its most enjoyable listings is the file of *Desert Magazine*. Bound in bright red it covers, without a break, the issues from Volume I to the latest number. Some of the rare books are valued at \$500 each and the entire collection is insured for \$5000. Many of the editions could not be replaced at any price.

Cactus John enjoys lending books to those who are interested. He often buys three or four of the same title so as to have them available. His desire is to share his knowledge, his collec-



tions, his library with others, to stimulate interest and encourage people to conserve and protect the wonders of Nature.

The Haags somehow found time to be active Auduboners also. One year Cactus John made a hundred bird houses and presented them to members in an effort to assist a project for increasing the bluebird population.

But there was a sad overtone in those otherwise happy years. Clara Haag's health had begun to fail. Finally the doctors decided a warmer climate might be the solution. So, early in 1956 John flew to Tucson, located an acre and quarter of property north of town in the Casas Adobes Estates, and bought it. A brick house was under construction. After indicating minor changes he



**CACTUS JOHN HANDLES THORNY PLANTS WITHOUT GLOVES. HE BELIEVES "DIRTY" THUMB—RATHER THAN A "GREEN" ONE—IS INDICATION OF A GOOD GARDENER.**

returned to St. Paul for his wife and cactus family.

"It took me four weeks just to prepare and pack those thousand plants," he said. "It was one whale of a job!"

Thus it wasn't until Fall that the 1000 and two of them reached their new home *La Casa de los Flores*.

Cactus John had intended to establish himself in electrical engineering but the opportunity to join the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum in the field of botany was too great a temptation. Thus it is that five days of the week he can be found guarding and growing native flora in that most charming setting at Tucson Mountain Park. In the meantime, at his home he had started the greatest

# WITH THORNS

project of his career—turning his own land into a veritable wonder-world of cactus. To date it is only partially completed for two years ago Cactus John Haag lost the inspiration and companionship of his beloved wife. Clara Haag died on September 2, 1957, and is buried at Holy Hope Cemetery in Tucson.

Alone he has continued his work but the name *La Casa de los Flores*



TINY STONE CACTUS — FASCINATING BUT OFTEN OVERLOOKED BY AMATEURS BECAUSE OF ITS PERFECT CAMOUFLAGE

has been changed and a neat sign at the entrance to the grounds now reads —*El Jardín Botánico de Santa Clara*.

During our conversation we had been sauntering along the paths of the garden. Stopping to study the charming *Bishop's Hat* and gazing in awe at the giant *Cardon*.

"Why do you use so much rock?" I asked. "I thought cactus grew best in sand."

"Rock adds interest and helps preserve moisture. These are all hand-picked from the arroyos around here. I've tried to scatter them more or less naturally and I like the color and lichens they support."

At every opportunity Cactus John goes specimen hunting. Rush trips to Mexico, New Mexico, California, Texas, in fact any place where cactus grows, is always on his agenda. But even in this important work of collecting rare plants which, incidentally, he usually grafts on others as the safest way of protecting them, he is a true conservationist and never digs without governmental or personal permission. And then he only takes what is necessary. To bring findings out of Mexico he has an extended Government permit "valid until revoked" which, oddly enough, comes from Hoboken, N.J., location of the Import & Permit

Section of the United States Department of Agriculture.

Suddenly I stopped and pointed to a prickly pear some distance away. The petals of its bright yellow flower were disappearing like magic as a tiny gopher, seated jauntily on the thorn-spiked leaf, devoured them.

Cactus John sighed, "Those monkeys destroy all my flowers! They think it's a salad!"

"Why don't you do something about it?"

"I'm making some traps," he explained.

I should have known better, but I asked, "Wouldn't it be easier to poison them?"

Cactus John shook his head. "I wouldn't kill them. What I'll do is catch them then, on my way to the museum, release them in the desert. I'm having trouble with rabbits, too, but a young coyote is helping me out now. He comes every night and scares them away. He's getting tamer all the time. This morning I saw him very close to the house." Cactus John sighed, "I hope nobody shoots him! If people only realized how essential all these animals are to preserve the balance of Nature! We human beings are tremendously advanced in many ways but we live in the dark ages when it comes to natural history and conservation."

Later, as we sat on the porch, Cactus John told me of the offer he has made the City of Tucson which, so far, has not been accepted. It is best explained in his own words—an open letter that appeared in the *Tucson Daily Citizen* on February 26, 1959. The heading reads, "Isn't Tucson Even Interested?" Then Cactus John goes on to say—

"... Maybe the Tucson area doesn't want anything, even if it is free. I have offered to some Tucson clubs my botanical garden. This includes a three year old house with meeting room and library—library complete with most books on desert plants and orchids; a garden of plants which includes rare and near extinct specimens. Also I will keep on building, landscaping and collecting free as long as I am able.

"In return, the following conditions to be met: I will live here the rest of my life and develop it as I have for the last three years; the name, *El Jardín Botánico de Santa Clara*, will not be changed; the acre north of the wash be purchased by the club, to give another area for parking so as not to interfere or despoil our beautiful area . . ."

When he had finished Cactus John shook his head sadly. "I have no children to leave this to. I can't under-

stand why Tucson doesn't want it! Phoenix will accept it gladly but that means breaking up the garden. Besides, my wife is buried in Tucson, I would like to keep the memorial here for her." He sighed as his eyes wandered over his precious cactus plants then lifted to the Santa Catalina Mountains in the distance. There was no bitterness in his voice, only amazement, as he murmured, "It is strange! Very strange!"—END



## Refrigerated Air Conditioners

Refrigerated air conditioning systems are a very definite asset to comfortable fatigue-free driving in the Southwest. They are, however, rather expensive and of course, are by no means an absolute necessity. The factory installed type is usually preferable to the so called "hang-on" type because the refrigerated air may be directed to more desirable locations within the car body. Additional insulation is added and no obstruction is offered to the front seat passengers. The ability to produce refrigerated air is usually comparable on both types.

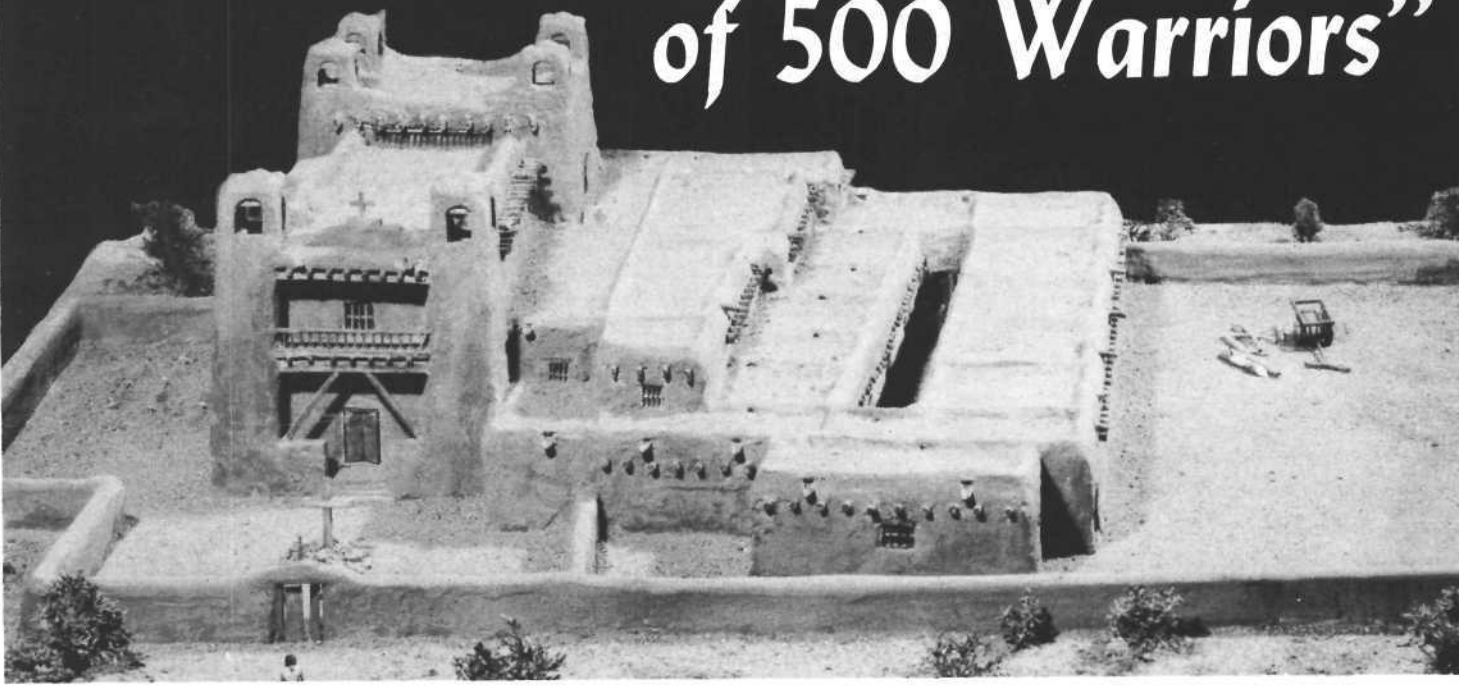
The low cost, evaporated type cooler, usually fitted to a front window, does offer some relief from desert heat, but simply does not have near the capabilities of the refrigerated type. They are ineffective unless the humidity is quite low, and water must be added at quite frequent intervals.

When the refrigerated type of air conditioning systems are factory installed, the factory usually provides a radiator core of increased capacity to compensate for the condenser mounted ahead of the radiator core, and a cooling fan of increased capacity to make the air conditioning more effective at city traffic speeds. A radiator pressure cap of higher capacity is sometimes provided to raise the boiling point of the engine coolant. Usually these provisions are not made with "hang-on" type installation. This could result in premature heating of the engine and loss in efficiency of the air conditioning system.


Refrigerated air conditioning systems of acceptable types permit the occupants of the vehicle to drive in a pleasantly comfortable atmosphere with their windows rolled up, completely devoid of the aggravating noise of onrushing air and the quick temper and orneriness usually associated with uncomfortably high interior car body temperatures. Air conditioners would well be classed as a safety item because they greatly relieve driver fatigue and are anti-sleep inducing.



# Legendary Pecos--"Village of 500 Warriors"



By JAMES ABARR

 SCALE MODEL OF MISSION SENORA DE LOS ANGELES DE PORCIUNCULA, BUILT AT PECOS THREE CENTURIES AGO BY THE SPANIARDS. CONVENTO IS RIGHT OF CHURCH. ONLY RUINS REMAIN.

**S**TANDING ON A small rocky ridge on the southern slope of New Mexico's lofty Sangre de Cristo Mountains, we could see the time-ravaged ruins of legendary Cicuye below. Better known by its modern name of Pecos, this sprawling village was once the largest pueblo in the Southwest—a great trade and cultural center. More than 2000 Tewa Indians lived here during Pecos' zenith. Its location on the eastern frontier of the Pueblo country put the inhabitants in close touch with Plains tribes. Comanches, Kiowas, Cheyennes and Apaches came here often to exchange goods and—unintentionally—tribal customs and philosophies. Pecos became a melting pot of Indian nations; life was good and the people prospered.

My wife and I were captured by the magnificent panorama that lay before us. The ruins of the village, dominated by red adobe walls of a Spanish mission, extend for a quarter of a mile along the edge of the mesa.

Beyond slumbering Pecos is the fertile valley carved by the winding Pecos River. Thick clumps of cottonwoods mark the river's course through fields once farmed by stone-age people. On the west side of the valley towers pinyon-covered Pecos Mesa, its green foliage lending sharp contrast to red soil. To the north are forested slopes of pine, spruce and fir leading to the soaring 12,000-foot peaks of the Sangre de Cristos.

We studied the wind-blown hummocks and the crumbling walls and tried to picture the pueblo as it appeared at the height of its power and prestige. Pedro de Castaneda, chronicler of the Coronado expedition, described the fortified city more than 400 years ago. He told of the great four-storied community houses surrounded by a stone wall; of a fierce and primitive people hostile to strangers—"a village of 500 warriors who are feared throughout the country."

Francisco Vasquez de Coronado was the first conquistador to see Pecos. He camped here with his army in 1541, and it was from Pecos that the famed explorer launched his expedition to the plains of Kansas in search of the fabled treasure of Quivira.

Mrs. Vivian O'Neal, superintendent of Pecos State Monument for the past two years—and treasuring every moment of this experience, accompanied us on our tour of the ancient village.

An ardent student of Southwest history and archeology, Mrs. O'Neal often visited here before she became superintendent. "I've always had a great attachment for Pecos," she told us. "It's a very special place to me. I used to wander through the ruins thinking of what it must have been like so many years ago. I suppose I'm a romanticist at heart."

Mrs. O'Neal enjoys meeting people. Last year she welcomed more than 11,000 visitors to Pecos. "I've met people here from all over the world," she said. "I always enjoy explaining the monument. I want them to feel their visit has been worthwhile. I don't want them to regard Pecos as just a pile of stone. I want them to share the romance and beauty of this ancient city."

We followed the narrow path through the ruins. Pecos had been a poorly constructed community. Stones in the walls of dwellings were of a dozen different sizes, rough and poorly fitted in uneven rows, giving the impression the builders had been in a hurry to complete their work. These people may have excelled as traders and warriors, but they were short on building skill.

Archeologists have excavated only a portion of the ruins. Much of the pueblo still lies buried beneath the red soil of the mesa.

At one point, six levels of buildings were uncovered,



 **STONE FIGURE OF A MAN UNEARTHED IN THE PECOS PUEBLO RUINS. SUCH IDOLS ARE REGARDED AS RARE FINDS IN THE SOUTHWEST. THE IMAGE PROBABLY HAD CEREMONIAL SIGNIFICANCE.**

an indication of both long occupation and poor construction. As one unit fell into ruin the people merely built another on top of it. First structures at Pecos were built about 1250 A.D.

Large refuse piles, some of them 20 feet deep, have yielded many artifacts—pottery, lavishly decorated clay pipes, tools, weapons and household items. Small clay and stone figurines of birds, animals and even humans also have been found. These are rare finds in Southwestern ruins.

Only the thick fortress-like walls of the main sanctuary remain of the mission which the Spaniards called *Nuestra Senora de Los Angeles de Porciuncula*. The church, towering high above the other village ruins, was a well-known landmark for travelers on the Santa Fe Trail which parallels the route of modern U.S. Highway 85, two miles south.

Franciscan friars apparently erected three churches at Pecos. One, called the "Lost Church," was built about 1600. Only bare outlines in the earth remain. The second mission, built about 1617, was destroyed in the Pueblo Rebellion of 1680 and its priest, Fray Fernando de Velasco, slain. In the early 1700s, the present church was built over the ruins of the old.

We walked through the wide gap in the front wall where mission doors once admitted Indian worshippers willing to offer prayers to the white man's God, but in their hearts still worshipping their own gods of Nature. Through here, too, entered Spanish soldiers and noblemen, following the faith learned in the great cathedrals of Aragon and Castile.

Inside the sanctuary the walls glowed dull red under the bright afternoon sun streaming into the roofless building. Nothing remains of the altar, choir loft or baptistry. We found only an adobe shell surrounding a bare earthen floor. The old frontier church is slowly crumbling into the red New Mexico earth from which it sprang.

Somewhere in the unexcavated portions of the pueblo, archeologists may find the remnants of the oldest mission in the United States. Fray Luis de Escalona, a Franciscan padre with the Coronado expedition, remained at Pecos as a missionary in 1542 after Coronado and his army returned to Mexico City. Fray Luis was never heard from again and it is probable he was killed by the Indians

## Visitors are discovering Pecos—once a strategic trade center in the Pueblo-Plains world.

before the end of the year. It is also likely he built a crude chapel in which to conduct services.

North of the mission ruins stand the remains of Pecos' two large community houses. Once they were four stories high and each contained over 500 rooms, but today only broken walls of the lower stories remain. The rooms were small and appeared cramped, but the Pecos people were an outdoor race. They only used their terraced dwellings as sleeping quarters or as a fortress when the village was under attack. Some areas were used for storage space. Most activities took the people outside the community houses.

Numerous kivas dotted the central plaza of the pueblo. Only a few of these subterranean ceremonial chambers, the nerve centers of pueblo life, have been excavated. The kiva was the warrior's "club room," a place where he joined his friends to smoke his pipe and discuss events of the day. Women were rarely allowed to enter.

More important, the kiva was a place of worship to Indian deities, and it was a council chamber where village leaders, seated about the central fire, decided tribal policies. Laws, treaties and decisions for war or peace emanated from the kiva depths.

We stood on the edge of the largest kiva, 10 feet deep and 40 feet in diameter. Perhaps this was the chamber



of the ancient Pecos legend which tells of the snake god and the sacred fire.

Like most pueblo people, the inhabitants of Pecos regarded the snake as a highly beneficial deity. The legend relates how a giant snake was kept in a kiva for many centuries and was fed by human sacrifice. A sacred fire, always attended by two warriors, was kept burning on the central altar. A prophecy foretold that if the sacred fire were allowed to die, the snake god would desert the kiva and the village would perish.

Then Spanish friars cast the shadow of the Cross across

Nonetheless, many legends of lost gold surround the Pecos Valley. Two of these recount the treasure of Montezuma and *La Mina Perdida* (The Lost Mine).

Montezuma's treasure is a fabulous cache of gold and silver supposedly buried beneath a huge boulder somewhere near the pueblo. The story relates that every resident of Pecos knew the hiding place but was sworn to secrecy under pain of death.

*La Mina Perdida* was a rich Spanish gold strike somewhere in the mountains north of the pueblo. During the Rebellion of 1680, Spaniards working the mine fled.



Pecos and its ancient ways. Christian teachings gained a foothold and the people drifted from their pagan rites. One day the sacred fire flickered out. The angry snake god crawled from the kiva and on to the Rio Grande which he followed to the Gulf of Mexico where he disappeared. This, the legend says, marked the fall of Pecos.

History, however, holds little regard for Tewa mythology. Actually, Pecos died a lingering death. The pueblo's prosperity declined rapidly in the 1700s as trade was halted by a series of wars with the superior Comanches and Apaches. Drained of its young men, the pueblo became easy prey for its enemies. Plagues of mountain fever and other diseases took their toll. By 1800, the community's population had declined to 100. In 1838 the last 17 inhabitants abandoned the village and moved to Jemez Pueblo, 50 miles to the west, where the last Pecos resident died in 1901.

Visitors often ask Mrs. O'Neal if there is buried treasure at Pecos. Her answer is always an emphatic, "No!"

"By our standards they were poor people," she explained. "They had no gold or silver that we know of. There was some mining in this area in Spanish days, but I doubt any treasure was buried here."

PECOS TODAY. THESE RUINS ARE OF MISSION CHURCH, NUESTRA SENORA DE LOS ANGELES DE PORCIUNCULA. IN FOREGROUND ARE REMAINS OF STONE WALL THAT ENCLOSED THE CHURCH AND PECOS PUEBLO. THE WALL PROBABLY WAS 10 FEET HIGH.

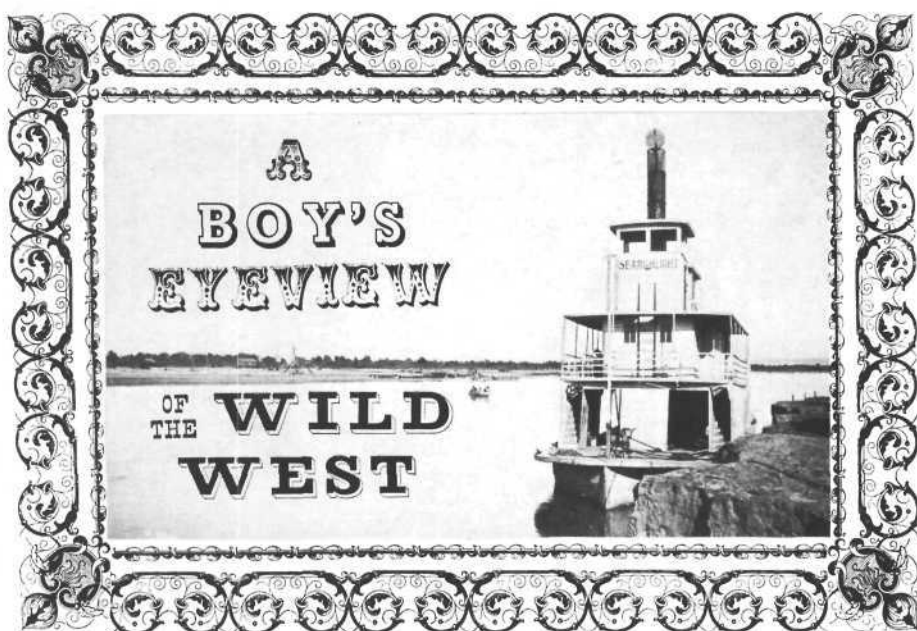
Loaded down with ore, they were easily caught by pursuing Indians and slain. With them died the secret of the mine's location.

Pecos Monument is open throughout the year. It is easily reached by paved secondary road from U.S. 85. There is a small picnic area, but no camping facilities. Overnight accommodations are available in the nearby mountain community of Pecos or in Santa Fe, 27 miles northwest.

On occasion, descendants of Pecos Indians come to see the home of their ancestors.

"They have a deep reverence for the ruins," Mrs. O'Neal said. "Usually, they walk through the pueblo in complete silence. I often wonder how they feel about what they see here, but they won't discuss it."

"I believe I can understand this," she continued. "Pecos is not a tourist attraction to them. Rather, it is a monument to the Golden Age of their people. It is their sacred shrine."—END



## Part III **NEEDLES** 1904-1906

By HARRISON DOYLE

**N**EEPLES IN 1904 was a railroad town first, although mining and prospecting came a close second.

Night or day, I knew what was going on in the extensive Santa Fe Yards, by the clanking and puffing yard engines as the trains were switched and assembled, and by the distinctive homecoming whistle signals made by the locomotive engineers. There was always the friendly smell of the oil burning engines in the air, mixed with the peculiar earthy fragrance of the always humid Colorado River bottomlands.

They were peaceful sounds, and healthy smells in a peaceful time, both sounds and smells evidence of the way a town sweats beneficially to live. Not only were they peaceful days, they were never - to - be - forgotten, golden, warm days.

Rees' Drugstore by now had a new-fangled "His Master's Voice" disc talking machine, playing "Bedelia" and "Meet Me in St. Louis, Louis." Almost any evening you could chance upon a little group in the quiet moonlight singing "My Gal Sal" or "Wait 'Til the Sun Shines, Nellie." It was that era of age-lasting melodies when quartettes rendered deep harmony with "The Good Old Summertime," "The Rosary," or "Sweet Kentucky Babe."

One day Dr. James Booth asked me if I'd like to usher at the Opera House. He would give me a half dozen complimentary tickets. It was fine with me.

The Booths were related to the fa-

mous theatrical Booths. Booth's hair had long since turned to silver and he wore it fairly long. He was an M.D., had been Sheriff of the county, and, in his youth, a Shakespearean actor of note. They lived on the Silt Flats, near where the Indians held their colorful pony races, about halfway to the Needles Landing.

That night the play was "East Lynne." I reported for duty in a sort of ominous quiet, ushered people to their seats, feeling pretty good about my new job. When the show was over, I stepped out the front door into the moonlight and found myself in a ring of angry boys.

One of them said, "What did you want to take our jobs for?" Another punched me in the nose. The ominous quiet was explained. The ushers were on strike for money instead of tickets.

### Labor Troubles

There was a quick pow-wow, and it was agreed that because of my size, I was to fight two of the smaller boys. We squared off. One of the boys got behind me and jumped on my back, making the mistake of not pinning my arm. I caught the boy in front flush on the chin with a roundhouse left, and for him the fight was over. I bucked the other off my back, and he ran.

When I explained that the strike was news to me, things became harmonious again, and they took me into the clique. But the ushering job played out shortly afterwards. The Opera House burned down.

◀ . . . we kids used to visit the Needles Landing, and watch the Searchlight, last of the larger river stern-wheelers, tie up on its regular trips up-river from Yuma. I had a fair speaking acquaintance with its white haired Captain, Jack Mellen, who had been on the river for some 30 years. I remember feeling quite sorry for him because the little 90-foot Searchlight was such a come down for him after having captained, for so many years, the big two-stacker, Mohave No. 2.

Needles was never a lawless town. Law enforcement officers generally had an easy time. Once in a while someone from the Track Repair crew got drunk. The Indians gave no trouble; they had their own tribal "police," and were not allowed to purchase liquor. There was a stiff fine if anyone bought it for them. Peace officer at the time was Johnny Medlin, and later, George Acunha. Both were old-timers. Wyatt Earp was a frequent visitor. He was mining at the time. Dad had known him in Tombstone. Wyatt had the most direct turquoise-blue eyes I've ever seen. He was a relaxed, quiet man, medium sized, wore a "telescoped" flat-topped black felt hat and a big handle-bar moustache.

About the middle of June each year the river rose because of the tremendous snow run-off in the Rockies. This rising was accompanied by much changing of the main channels. A lot of driftwood came down with the floods. One year Monaghan & Murphy made a deal with the Indians whereby the Indians gathered the driftwood, sawed it up, and delivered it about town. M.&M. took orders for it, received payment, and split the profits with the Indians. This neat arrangement held good for several years. Everybody was seemingly happy with the deal, including the Indians.

In those days there were no dams up-river to hold the summer run-off in check, and consequently little ranching was attempted. Nothing could stand the floods which spread



out yearly over some six or seven miles across the valley. A few exceptions were the three acres Billy and Charley Lamar had close-in behind the Roundhouse, that were partly planted to flame tokay grapes. The little plot was bordered by big cottonwoods. The grapes were unbelievably large and sweet, many over three inches long, hanging in two-foot long clusters.

One day Charley Lamar showed me a little two-cylinder gas engine boat he had brought out from Los Angeles. He had it parked under the cottonwoods. No one could make the engine fire a shot, and everybody told him, anyway, it would never buck the swift river current if he did get it to start. Charley knew I was taking a correspondence course in electricity and had a little experimental shop. He asked me to see if I could get the engine started.

It so happened that I was tinkering with make-and-break spark and high tension coils at the time, and I had a hunch that if no one had been able to get a shot out of the boat engine, the wires must have been connected to the wrong cylinders. I reversed them, and as I had anticipated, after I cranked the engine once, it took off like a house afire.

#### A River First

We carted the little boat over to the river, and to the amazement of the Indians, it bucked the current nicely, and that's how I got a ride in the first gasoline driven small boat put on the Colorado River.

Every week or so some of the boys and myself trudged through the Mohave Village to fish at the Needles Landing. I early learned how to catch big carp, Indian fashion, without hooks or lines. We'd get some hay chaff and spread it about half an inch thick in a quiet eddy. Within minutes a dozen fish would be under the chaff nibbling and making little ripples with their noses, blind to what was going on above them. With a quick stroke of our hands and arms, we'd flip the surprised fish out onto the bank.

Ducks and geese were always plentiful along the river and on the miles of sloughs. Sometimes we'd go across the river on Sweeney's Ferry, which then consisted of a rowboat and Bill Sweeney's two strong arms, and hike through the green and gold thickets about four miles to Spear's Lake. We'd shoot geese, mallard, teal, butter-ball, and canvas-back ducks. There were thousands of quail in the thickets, especially where the mesquites were thick. Morning and evening we could always be sure of hearing from every

direction their universal call, "Ca-cah'-ca-ca, ca-cah'-ca-ca."

On one such trip I almost got killed by a goose. I was all alone, sitting in the stern of a little skiff at the lower end of the lake, when a big flock of geese came flying low, toward me. I stood up and let go with my ancient double-barrelled hammer shotgun.

#### Goose's Revenge

Something hit me and knocked me cold. I came to, I don't know how long afterwards, my body under water except for my head, which was resting on a driftwood snag. There was a big dead goose in the boat. For a while, I was sure my neck was broken, and it hurt me to breathe.

I lay on the bank awhile, then feeling better, picked up the 11-pound goose and started home. Next day the whole side of my head and neck was black and blue.

Dad rubbed it in. "I thought I taught you better than that," he remarked. "If the goose had hit you anywhere else except on the head, it would have killed you!"

When it was too hot to cook on



HARRISON DOYLE IN THE SUMMER OF 1904

the big wood stove, we'd sometimes eat at one of the two Chinese restaurants. They had red and white checkered tablecloths, two-bit meals, bowls of marble-sized soup crackers, a sandal-wood smell, and a continual stream of new young Chinese waiters, who sneaked up the river from Mexico.

There were two Chinese funerals while I was there. Many of the townspeople attended the funerals out of curiosity. The bereaved, amidst burning punks and stringy bits of paper

prayers, placed steaming foods around the graves to sustain the deceased on his long journey to his celestial paradise. On one occasion, I remember there was a suckling pig, still warm, on a big, white platter. When everyone left, two hobos sat down and ate their fill.

The spring of 1905 I was in the 10th Grade in the little red rock school on the mesa above town. There were less than a dozen students in the High School end of the building. Across the aisle from me, in the 11th, was Birdie Ray, statuesque dark-eyed blonde sister of Charles Ray, the well known movie star of silent days. Some of the other schoolmates I remember were Irene Cabbage, Mabel Snyder, Lolita Clark and her brother, Jim, who was in the 12th Grade. Principal was Charles Lincoln Williams.

In May when it began getting hot, Mr. Williams donated "pink" lemonade, the pink coming from crushed strawberries. The boys took turns going down to the car icing plant to retrieve chunks of ice that had fallen off the cars. During recess, we hiked up the mahogany-colored mesas behind the school and dug out old pieces of pottery shards and arrowheads from the washes between the mesas.

#### Godshall Smelter

There was a fair-sized smelter with a tall stack on a side track over behind the Mohave Village, headed by a Dr. Godshall. When they smelted copper ores it sent up clouds of green smoke which smelled of sulphur. I worked there in spare time as assistant to the Assayer, Ralph Hall. I ground samples on the bucking board, and did odd jobs. Ralph later became prominent along the Mother Lode, and was for many years the Mineral Expert for the *Los Angeles Times*.

In 1906, I saw the old rusty-red wooden Harvey House and Depot burn down. Most of the night girls who were off shift were asleep upstairs in the hotel end of the long building, and they had to jump off the second story porch because the only stairway was an inside one, and flaming like a blowtorch.

There were no ladders near enough to be of any use before it was all over. One of the girls stood on the porch in a flimsy white nightgown and shrieked until the fire got so hot she had to jump. Some of the men present ripped up a corrugated iron fence nearby, and using sheets of it as shields ran into the tremendous heat, and carried the girls to safety.

Monaghan & Murphy's, and Briggs' Saloon, across the street some two-

Continued on page 33



# Ila McAfee...

... artist who captured  
the motion and grace  
of animal life

BY W. THETFORD LeVINESS

VISITORS TO Ila McAfee's White Horse Studio in Taos, New Mexico, are invariably impressed with the tremendous sense of order about the place. Paintings are stacked three- to five-deep around the living-room walls in neat arrangements; paints and brushes are on an obscure corner-table when not in use. The home is comfortably furnished and attractively decorated, and the artist lives according to a fairly definite daily and weekly schedule—with her husband and Sanka, their trick-doing Siamese cat.

This sense of order shows up in Miss McAfee's work—there's an intriguing balance to most of it. Her animal paintings, for instance, have strikingly accurate detail, yet enough abstraction to give freshness and vitality. Sometimes her horses are not visible at first glance—as in "The Stampede of the Waves." This piece has mystic quality—horses are formed in the foam pattern of breaking waves.

Only a second—and more studied—look brings them to light. Evident throughout all Miss McAfee's work is perspective and feeling for proportion. Somehow these attributes seem uniquely hers.

Ila McAfee is famous for her paintings of large quadrupeds—and horses are her specialty. Besides doing magazine covers, she designs fabrics and holds occasional "one-man" shows of her canvases. Nearly always, her work has an animal motif. While horses are an overwhelming favorite with her, she paints with equal facility cattle on the range or in driven herds, deer and mountain lions in high snow-capped elevations, and homey scenes of Sanka in the differing moods of a much-loved feline personality.

Miss McAfee is the wife of Elmer Page Turner, a noted painter of landscapes until ill health forced his retirement several years ago. The Turners' home and studio is in the heart of the Taos art center; they built it soon after they moved there in the late 1920s.

Both the Turners are from Colorado. Ila was born near Gunnison in 1900. Elmer, a native of Wyoming, moved to Greeley at the age of nine. They met in Chicago where they were students of the well-known muralist, James E. McBurney. They assisted McBurney with his murals, and Ila often recalls how pleasant this was.

"It was wonderful training and a most enjoyable experience," she says. "Elmer painted trees and skies, and I did Indian horses and ox teams for historical subjects."

Ila and Elmer were married at her father's ranch in the foothills of the Cochetopas in 1926, shortly before they "discovered" Taos. Elmer was the first to win acclaim, with a cover painting for a 1927 issue of a national news magazine. He took first prize for landscapes with his "Rio Grande" at the 17th annual Arizona State Fair at Phoenix in 1931. In 1938 his rendition of "Chimayo, New Mexico" (a weaving settlement in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains near Santa Fe) was placed in the Denver Art Museum. A gradual paralysis has prevented him from active participation in painting for the past 20 years or so. His now prominent wife has cared for him personally all this time. She does all the correspondence, driving, marketing and other chores, including cooking—the Turners are vegetarians. Between the activities of everyday living, however, there are many hours devoted to painting. Miss McAfee is a charming hostess, and many people drop in her studio—to buy paintings, to chat about the weather, or to watch the trained cat perform. Elmer continues to take an absorbing interest in art, and to this day he titles his wife's paintings—often having a name ready by the time the picture is finished.

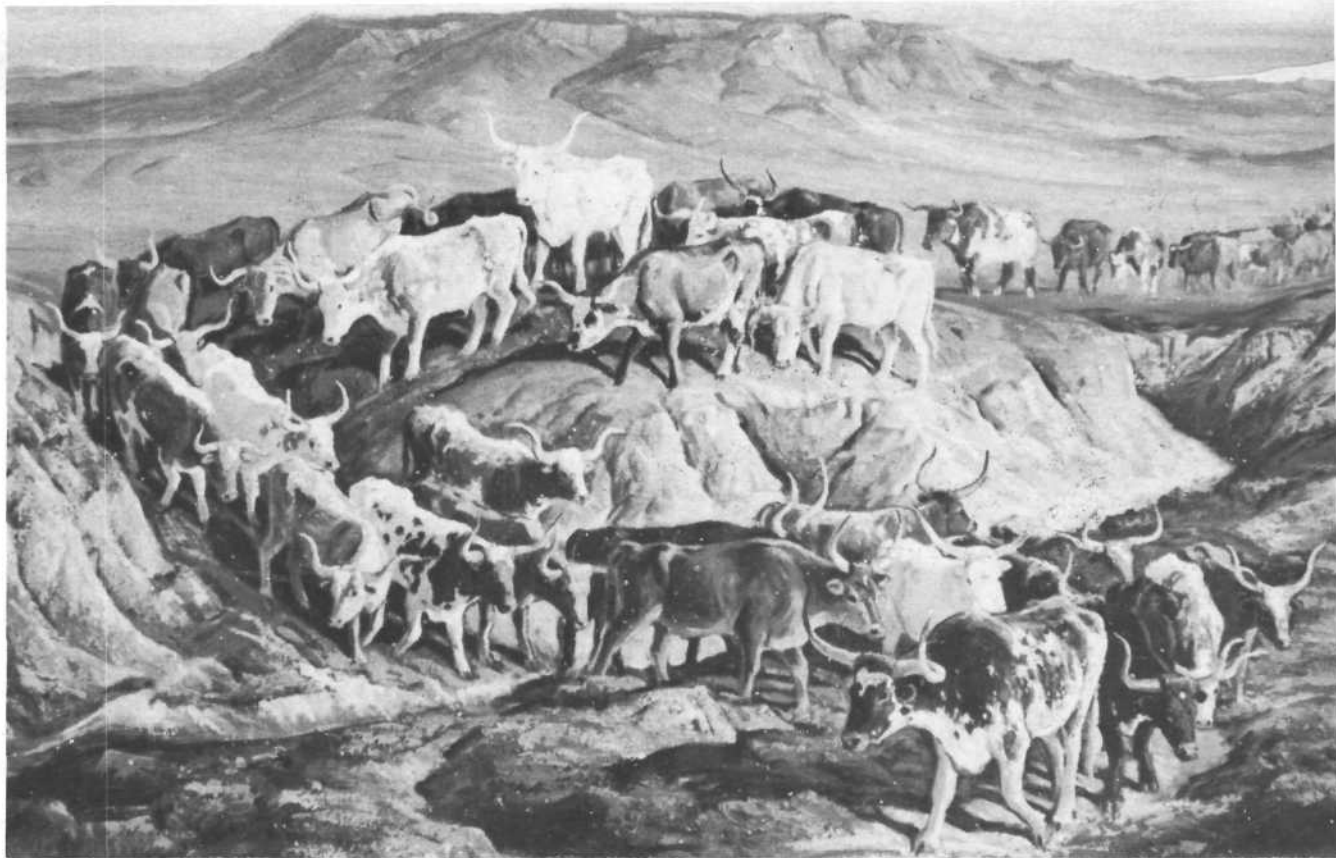
Ila McAfee—she always signs her works thus—has taken honors in painting too. As early as the 1930s she was recognized as one of the foremost painters of horses in America, and was assigned to do several postoffice murals in the West. One of these is at Gunnison, Colorado, where she had attended high school and received her first art training at the Colorado State Normal School (now Western Colorado State College). She enjoyed doing the Gunnison postoffice mural as a sort of "home town tribute"; it is one of her best range scenes, and her husband named it "The Wealth of the West." She did all her murals in panels at home, and then went to the various communities to oversee their installation.

She painted and exhibited even during World War II. Her painting of mountain deer at dinner in deep snow, "Midwinter Meal," was first shown at the Springville, Utah, show in 1942. She has had an exhibition at Springville every year since, and for the past 20 years has shown at Cedar City, Utah, as well. In addition, she has had a one-man show at Cedar City.

She has designed fabrics for Howard & Schaffer, a New



## The Longhorn Trail



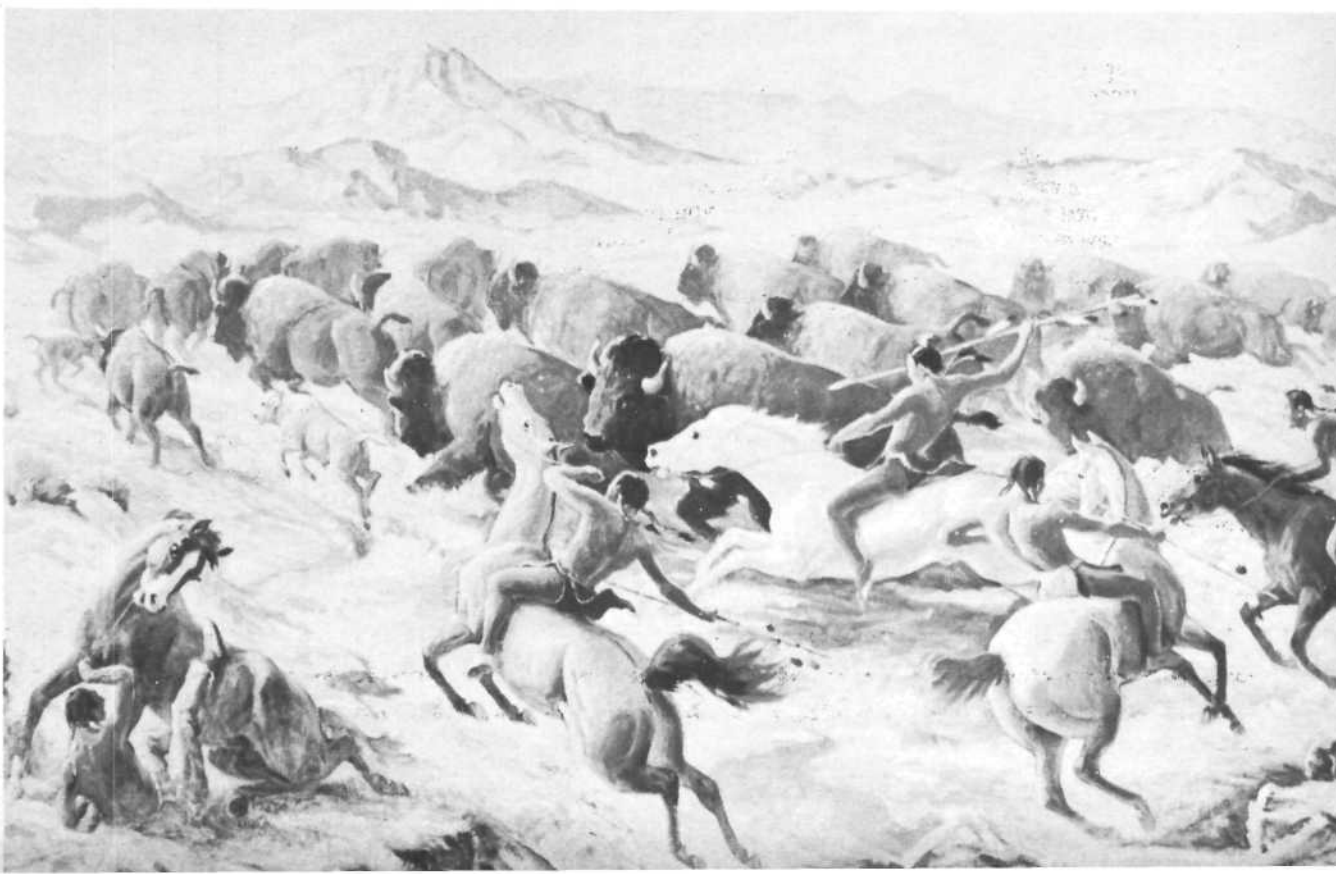
York textile firm. The design, taken from one of her loveliest paintings, "The Four Seasons," has appeared in eight different color schemes and was used as a cover and center spread in a book by Walter Foster, *How to Draw Horses*. She has illustrated two other animal publications, *The Furry Folk Book* and *Tales of the King's Horses*.

The Turners enjoy a quiet home life with their cat, and their living room is a rendezvous for much cultural activity in Taos. The art center there attracts nationally and internationally famous personalities constantly, and the Turners get their share of the "tourist market." Visitors to the White Horse Studio marvel at the "McAfee mobiles"—several groups of hand-painted horses which dangle from twigs in rotating motion near the ceiling. The effect is three-dimensional, as of several "miniature merry-go-

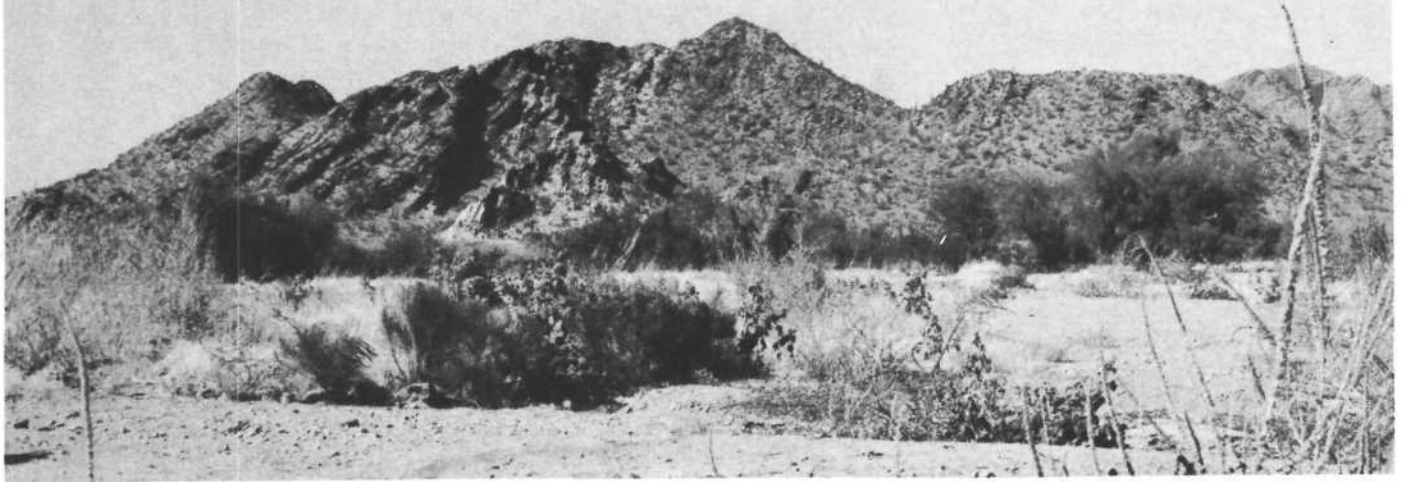
'rounds" swirling into one another, each group marking its own spatial identity.

Sanka performs for any who visit the Turner home and wish to see her. Her bag of tricks includes curling up in a basket, walking a pole, jumping through hoops, playing a toy piano and guitar, and even playing checkers. She can pull a small wagon across the room, walk atop cone-shaped milk bottles, and turn completely around on the end of her "scratching pole"—only two inches in diameter and with room for only three paws. After each performance, which run anywhere from 50 to 75 stunts, Sanka takes up a collection—for the local Presbyterian church. If those in the audience have enjoyed the tricks, they place coins on top of a little box with a slot in it. Sanka's *grand finale* comes as she carefully pushes each coin into the slot with her trained forepaws.—END

## Buffalo Hunt



# LOST ARSENAL OF THE PAPAGOS



ERODED MOUNTAINS NORTHWEST OF SANTA ROSA VILLAGE

By BERNARD L. FONTANA

**H**IDDEN IN THE shadow of an unnamed mountain range on the Papago Indian Reservation in southern Arizona, may be a fantastic hidden treasure. It is not gold, nor precious stones. It is not old currency cached by highwaymen, nor is it a lost mission. Instead, lying among the ruins of an adobe building previously seen by only one white man, is an arsenal of ancient Spanish and American weapons that would surpass anything even the most avid gun collector has on his walls.

According to W. E. Bancroft, who came to Arizona via New Mexico in 1874, this Papago Indian arms storehouse contained, "Old Queen Anns, old Yawgers, old Hawkins, all kinds of old flint-locks, both shotguns and rifles, and on the walls were hung at least 100 different makes of pistols. There must have been at least 1000!"

Prospecting and mining were the jobs that occupied Bancroft most of his working life. In 1882 he located several claims near Covered Wells, today a Papago Reservation village about 50 miles south of Casa Grande. Bancroft said he found the gun cache on one of his many prospecting trips between Casa Grande and Covered Wells. On the actual discovery trek

he was passing through the Santa Rosa Valley on his way south to his claims, when he noticed some odd-looking rock formations several miles to the west. He decided to inspect the promising mineral area, and several days later, while climbing in among the outcrop, spotted a rectangular adobe building. It was well-roofed, about 40 to 50 feet long and 15 to 25 feet wide. The only entrance was a three-foot-square hole in one wall. This was plugged with loose rocks and adobe.

Bancroft was a prospector—curiosity was inbred in his nature. After removing the material from the door, he crawled into the building.

"There was the greatest sight I ever saw before or since," he later wrote. "I had broken into the Papago Indians' arsenal and, believe me or not, just as you please, I saw guns in there that I think Cortez had when he invaded Mexico or Coronado might have brought them to this country, and they had every kind of a gun that had been made." Rows of forked sticks supported the guns so that none touched the ground. The pistols hung from wooden pegs driven into the walls.

While Bancroft was feasting his eyes on the guns, two Papagos, investigating the disturbed entryway, trapped him

in the building. Luckily, the prospector knew the Indians, or his trespass might have earned him a violent death.

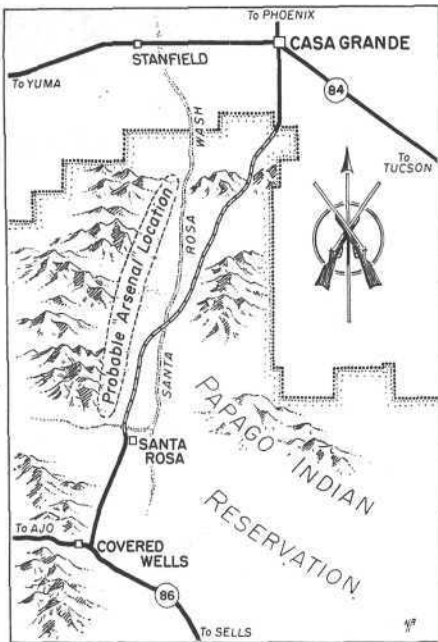
Bancroft was acquainted with the famous Arizonan, John D. Walker, at this time operating the rich Vekol Mine in the Papago country. Two or three days after inspecting the arsenal, Bancroft mentioned the incident to Walker. The mine operator, who could speak Papago and who knew those tribesmen much better than did Bancroft, openly doubted the story. But, an old Papago, who happened to be in the store where the two white men were talking, said that Bancroft's arsenal did, in fact, exist.

Walker apologized to his friend for having doubted him, adding, "You must lead a charmed life. If any other white man ever got in there, he didn't live to tell about it. I've heard about such a place for a long time and have asked several Indians to take me there. But none of them will." And remember—Walker, who had a Pima wife, was probably one of the best known and most respected white men of that day in the Pima-Papago territory.

In 1926 — 43 years after his one and only visit to the gun cache—Bancroft wrote a newspaper account suggesting that the State of Arizona or

Only one white man saw the fabulous gun cache in the lonely Papago Reservation . . . but that was years ago, and today not even the Indians remember the arsenal's location





the Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society negotiate to buy the weapons from the Papagos, for display in a museum. He even offered to relocate the building. Apparently no one was interested—or perhaps no one believed him. W. E. Bancroft, respected Arizona pioneer, died several years later, taking his secret to his grave.

My work as an anthropologist often takes me over the Santa Rosa Valley road that Bancroft followed. I've made quick checks of many "odd looking rock formations" to the west of this route. I've asked a few Papagos what they knew about an old arsenal, but so far have drawn a blank. Nothing resembling Bancroft's adobe building, including ruins of what might have been such a structure, have come to my attention.

Was Bancroft a liar? Not necessarily. Papagos have been in contact with non-Indians since at least the late 1600s. In 1751, the Papagos and Pimas joined in a general uprising against the Spaniards, and it is a certainty many weapons fell into the Redmen's hands during these skirmishes. Throughout the 1800s, these "peaceful" Indians carried on sporadic warfare against Spaniards and Mexicans, taking horses and cattle. In the last half of the 19th Century, Papagos were given weapons by white men to aid in the fight against the common Apache enemy. Here then, are 250 years of opportunity for Papagos to have acquired firearms.

Add this fact: Papagos tradition-

ally cached their native weapons — clubs, shields and bows-and-arrows — in cave or rock shelters near "enemy territory." It would have been in keeping for them to have built a special structure to house such special weapons as firearms.

Father Bonaventure Oblasser, a Franciscan priest who has been among the Papagos since 1910, knows more about these people than any other living person. He told me he never heard of a weapon arsenal—but he thinks there is a good chance one exists. For a time in the late 1870s, Pimas and Papagos were having serious trouble with white settlers along the Gila River, he points out. The situation became so bad that the Arizona Militia was called out. By the time the soldiers arrived from Prescott, the Indians were the picture of innocence, and the Militia commander could find nothing wrong. Father Bonaventure suggests the arsenal Bancroft saw was built about that time, and that the moving of firearms to this point on a potential "frontier" suggests how close Papagos and Pimas actually came to fighting white men at that late date.

If there ever were a Papago arsenal, it's not likely the guns have been disposed of. The sale of such weapons would almost certainly have induced comment in the press. Once the need for the guns disappeared, there was no reason for any Papago to go to the arsenal — and such things are

quickly forgotten by our Indian neighbors. They place no emphasis—or, at least, placed no emphasis 50 years ago —on the historical value of things.

The adobe building, if it exists, is doubtless in ruins, the roof and walls collapsed and the adobe melting back to earth. Even 76 years in the ground in dry desert country, though, will not destroy iron and brass weapons—and the wooden handles might still be intact.

Today, it is against the law to trespass on the reservation. A permit is needed by all would-be lost-arsenal hunters. The man to write to for such permission is Enos Francisco, Chairman, Papago Indian Tribal Council, Sells, Arizona. Only the Tribal Council can grant a permit.

If the guns are there, they are the property of the Papagos, and anyone requesting a permit to look for the weapons would have to agree to turn the weapons over to the Tribe. Moreover, searchers will have to be careful not to dig in prehistoric sites on the reservation, since such locations are protected by Federal law. Digging shouldn't be necessary, though, because at least a few of the several hundred guns are sure to be showing on the surface—if they were ever there.

The Papagos have a beautiful auditorium at Sells—the perfect place for these ancient weapons to be placed on permanent display.—END



AUTHOR INSPECTS ADOBE BRICKS BEING  
SUN-DRIED ON THE PAPAGO RESERVATION

# PIOCHE

lively past  
tranquil present  
hopeful future



By MARGARET STOVALL

PIOCHE'S \$1,000,000 COURTHOUSE WAS ABANDONED  
IN 1933 — THREE YEARS BEFORE IT WAS PAID FOR

THERE IS NO historical landmark in Pioche, Nevada, that says, "This is the place where the sheriff gunned down three outlaws as an Eastern bride stepped from the stagecoach. She stayed three minutes." There is no signpost pointing to "Boothill," which in Pioche is still intact; nor to the once-active mines on the town fringes.

But, there are signs that tell you where to find the sheriff of Lincoln County, and a good night's lodging.

If you are lucky enough to stay awhile in the Pioche area you will find that the folks who live here hold a rich historical heritage, and possibly a rich future!

Pioche is on a turnoff from U.S. Highway 93, about halfway between Ely and Glendale, and 190 miles northeast of Las Vegas.

Many people drive through Pioche, remarking on its picturesque mountainside location, its streets that curve up and around and down again. They see the yawning holes of the silent mines, and the silent blankness of the deserted buildings. An old mine cable stretches across the top of the town to the long-quiet smelters in the valley below—a steel line from which ore-carts still dangle. Forty million dollars was taken from this ground, but the old-timers declare the early operators only "scratched the surface."

Residents of Pioche have not felt that their town—with its mining camp history—has to be exploited or promoted. Its only need, they believe, is to be kept intact and alive. The future will deal kindly with the place.

Peggy Hartley welcomed us to the modern Hartley Motel, a gas station and vacant lot away from the old courthouse, and overlooking Meadow Valley below. Peggy immediately sensed that we were "history hunters." "Some of the old records down at the courthouse mention a whipping post," she said. "It should have been very near here. We keep looking for a trace of it."

"Pioche was never famous for its hangings," Peggy added. "The boys rarely waited that long. But there was supposed to have been a hanging tree across the street."

We asked about Boothill. "You drive down past the new grade school, keep going for a block or so, then bear off to the right. You'll see Boothill on the slope below. It's the second cemetery. You can't miss it. It's just like it's always been."

There are well-known old "name camps" in the area; some of them still lively, others turned to ghosts. There is Alamo, Caliente, Panaca, Delamar and Carp—and the Pahrangat Valley which, less than 100 years ago, was populated by some of the most hardened gunmen, horse thieves and cattle rustlers in all of Western history.

The sunlight struck through the barred courthouse basement windows as we visited with "Ikey" Orr, sheriff of Nevada's vast Lincoln County.

"Problems?" Sheriff Orr repeated my question. "Well, it isn't the real criminals that give us gray hairs in this part of the country. The 'professionals' have records."

"What makes us hop are the young people from Los



Angeles and Salt Lake City with stolen cars—and family arguments, drunks, floaters and the threat of fire.”

Fire is a lurking villain in Pioche. In 1871 flames almost wiped out the town and the people with it. The fire, racing out of control, exploded 20 kegs of blasting powder stored in the basement of a mid-town building. Thirteen were killed, 47 injured.

Only three years ago, Pioche fought flames as history threatened to repeat itself. A wind-swept blaze raced through the dry desert brush below town. It came within whispering distance of two nearby ammunition dumps. But

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**Things have simmered down in Pioche. Once Nevada's "most lawless camp," today the town is as tranquil as the surrounding desert.**

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the volunteer fire department—and the people of Pioche—brought it under control.

“Any fire in a mining camp is always a potential disaster,” the sheriff said.

He thought we might like to talk to Alexander Lloyd, a former law enforcement officer now in charge of the county's welfare department.

Al sat in front of a window overlooking the town in which he was born. He recalls when 23 mining companies sounded 23 distinct steam whistles to set the time of day. His father was superintendent of one of the mines, his father-in-law, Jake Johnson, was sheriff for 20 years.

“There isn't a hole up there on the hill that I haven't been down,” he said. “As a boy I explored them all.”

There used to be a narrow gauge railroad into town where the highway is now. It replaced ore-hauling oxen in the early '70s. Fuel for the smelters, where the complicated lead-silver-zinc-gold ore was broken down, was the biggest early problem.

“You can see the stumps where the trees were chopped down all over the high country,” Al said.

But when the mine shafts hit water at the 2100-foot level, the problems of the mining companies were insurmountable.

Al does not believe this would still hold true with today's cheaper power from Hoover Dam and vastly improved engineering techniques. There was no tapering off of the rich veins at the fateful 1200-foot level—water that could not be drained off was what defeated them.

“The district here is rich, and not only in high grade,” he declared. Al cited the Bristol Silver Mine which has been in operation since the '70s and is still going strong, with a three-man operation “on the other side of the hill.” Ore from the Bristol is valued at \$7000 a carload—which netted its three operators between \$50,000 and \$60,000 last year.

“When you come right down to it,” Al said, “I don't think this area has been touched. You don't find ore unless you dig, and Pioche's bonanza didn't even start at 1200 feet.”

Al Lloyd has some comparisons on the law enforcement picture, too.

“There isn't any difference between the criminal element then and now,” he said. “But we're moving faster. The sheriffs these days have a tougher job; a criminal can travel 700 or more miles in less than a day. But with modern communications, the law officers are able to more than meet the challenge. Sheriff Jake — a half century ago—had two horses and a buckboard. It took him two weeks to travel from here to Searchlight.”

The heavy barred door of the historic jail behind the old courthouse hangs open and rusted. The jail's “recep-

tion” room has a heavy chain cemented to the floor. One of the cells still contains two iron bunks, another has a crumbling mattress on the floor, spotlighted by a dim slit of light that reaches to the sky. The steel cage of a newer annex has been moved down the hill to serve the new County Jail. For inescapable solidity, the older jail seems acceptable.

And there's the letter signed, “Sarah Kathryn Dyer,” in the County Recorder's office. As a little girl in 1875, Sarah Kathryn was locked inside one of these cells—for learning how to swear. Sarah was 77 when she wrote to Pioche in 1949 for a picture of the old courthouse and jail she remembered so well. Her family home had been directly north of the courthouse, and she used to play on the steps of the court building.

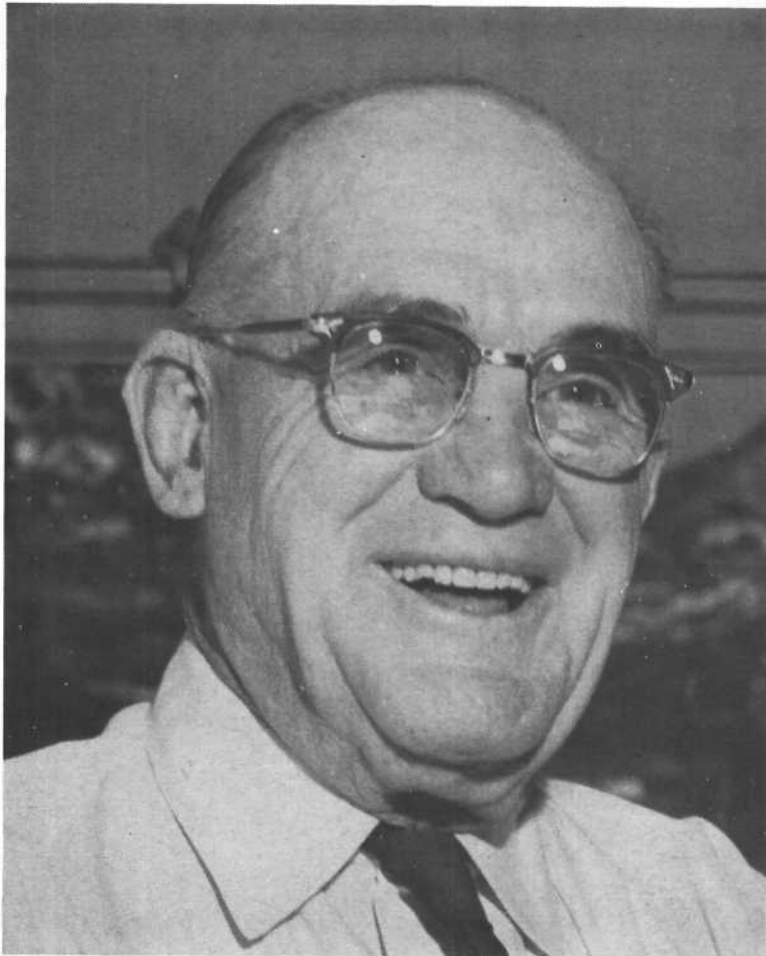
“I have traveled all over the world,” she said in her letter, “but in memory, this is still the most beautiful building I have ever seen.”

She recalled that she had been enticed, as a child, by the muleskinners into learning new frontier words. She explained, “Sheriff McKee—we called him ‘Fat Mack’—took matters into his own hands, as was the privilege of sheriffs in those days.

“He said, ‘Sarah, I am going to lock you up until you promise to stop swearing.’ He kept me in the cell for 20 minutes, trying to extract the promise. Finally I said, ‘I will stop swearing when I am six years old and start to school.’ Apparently it was a satisfactory compromise. According to my mother, I was at no time a profane child thereafter.”

After Mrs. Dyer had written for the picture of the courthouse, several people in Pioche wanted to contact

**ALEXANDER LLOYD IS CONFIDENT THAT PIOCHE'S NOW DORMANT MINES AGAIN WILL BE IN PRODUCTION**





PIOCHE'S "BOOTHILL." IN BACKGROUND AN OLD ORE BUCKET HANGS FROM CABLE OF TRAM THAT ONCE HAULED ORE FROM MINE TO SMELTER.

her. The address she gave was a Los Angeles hotel, but all correspondence went unanswered. Her two letters, the one asking for the picture, the other thanking them for it, are in the County files. Recorder Dominick Belingher also has a complete file of the Pioche newspapers from the year 1872, and a similar file is available at the office of the *Pioche Record*.

We followed the directions to Boothill—"past the new school a block or so, then bear off to the right—."

It wasn't hard to find.

"Boothills" have a way of characterizing mining camps. Tombstone's cemetery, though filled with illustrious characters, has been reconstructed and is pilfer-proof. There is no doubt about who is buried where, and the non-permanent guests enter through a turnstile.

But in unpromoted Pioche, Boothill—entered through a rusty gate, is just simply there, as it was. A brass head-

stone stands adjacent to a weather-beaten hardwood slab, whose identifying markings are lost to time and weather. A large boulder is hand-chiseled with pertinent information regarding the demise of a friend; nearby rows of unmarked graves attest to the unimportance or disrepute of their occupants.

There are fences and cairns and small wooden crosses, and there is a separate section for the Orientals. Over all grows the desert vegetation, and the desert wind has withered the recent floral tributes to the long-ago departed.

A story comes to mind about two desperadoes convicted of killing an aged prospector. Early Pioche "justice" sentenced them to dig their own graves, then stand beside them to be shot. Theirs could be any two of the unmarked mounds.

And you think of Alexander Lloyd's recountal of the experiences of an Irishman named Mat Hurley. "Big Mat had taken a job helping out the undertaker. It was his first pick-up, and he was taking the 'body' on a stretcher across the street to his boss. All of a sudden, the 'corpse' sat up. 'Where you taking me?' the drunk wanted to know, 'I'm not hurt bad.'

"Big Mat looked at the fellow in disgust, then shoved him back flat. 'Who knows best?' he asked, 'the doc or you?'"

We figured Big Mat's "casualty" filled one of Pioche's graves—but maybe not that night.

Somewhere, too, in this graveyard were the remains of 75 men who died of gunshot before Pioche recorded its first death by natural causes.

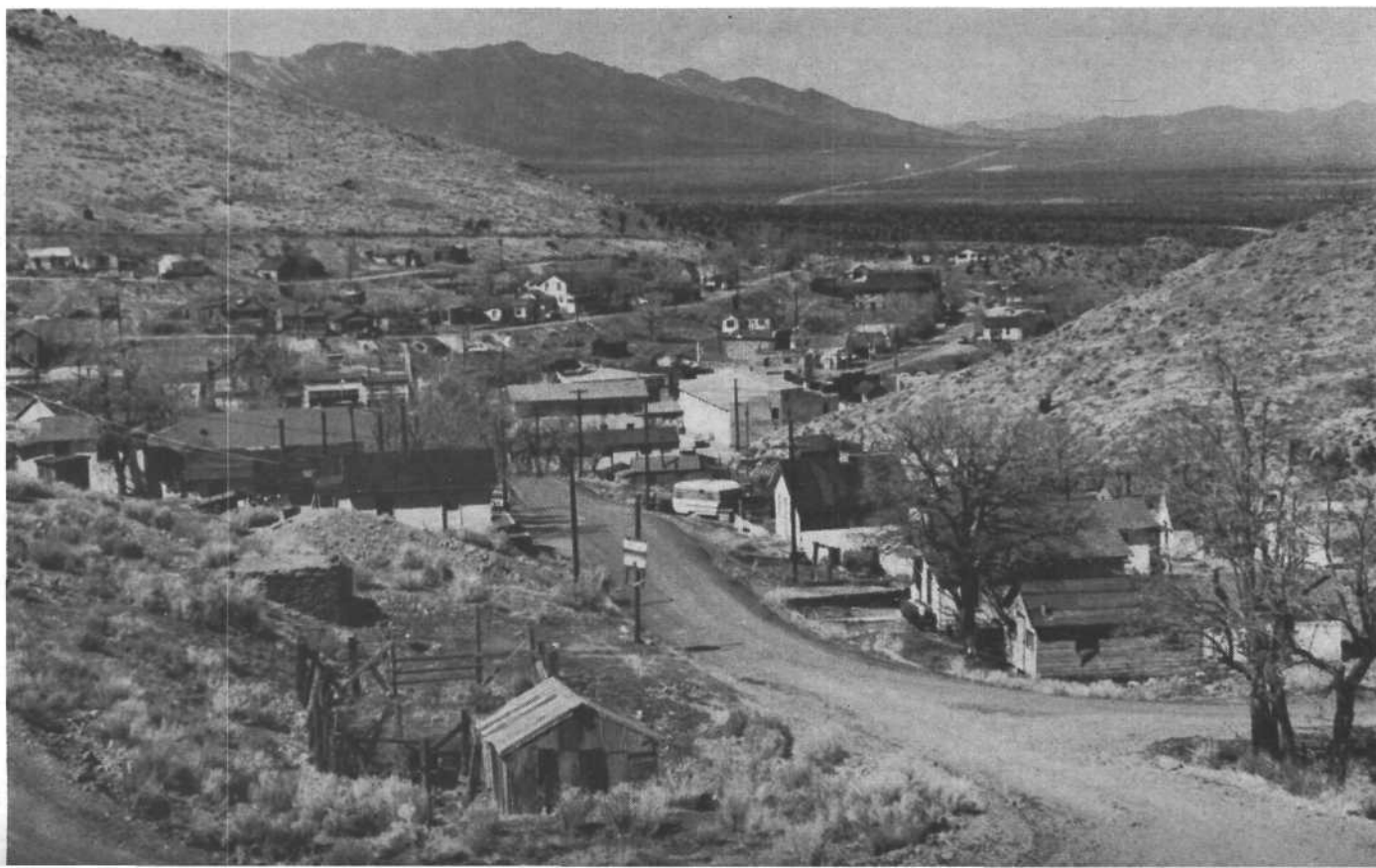
The sun was sinking behind the mountains, and the shadows were reaching down, obscuring the world around us.

"The veins hadn't begun to taper off—" Alexander Lloyd reminded us.

More than \$40,000,000 had been taken out above the water level. Was there another \$40,000,000 below?

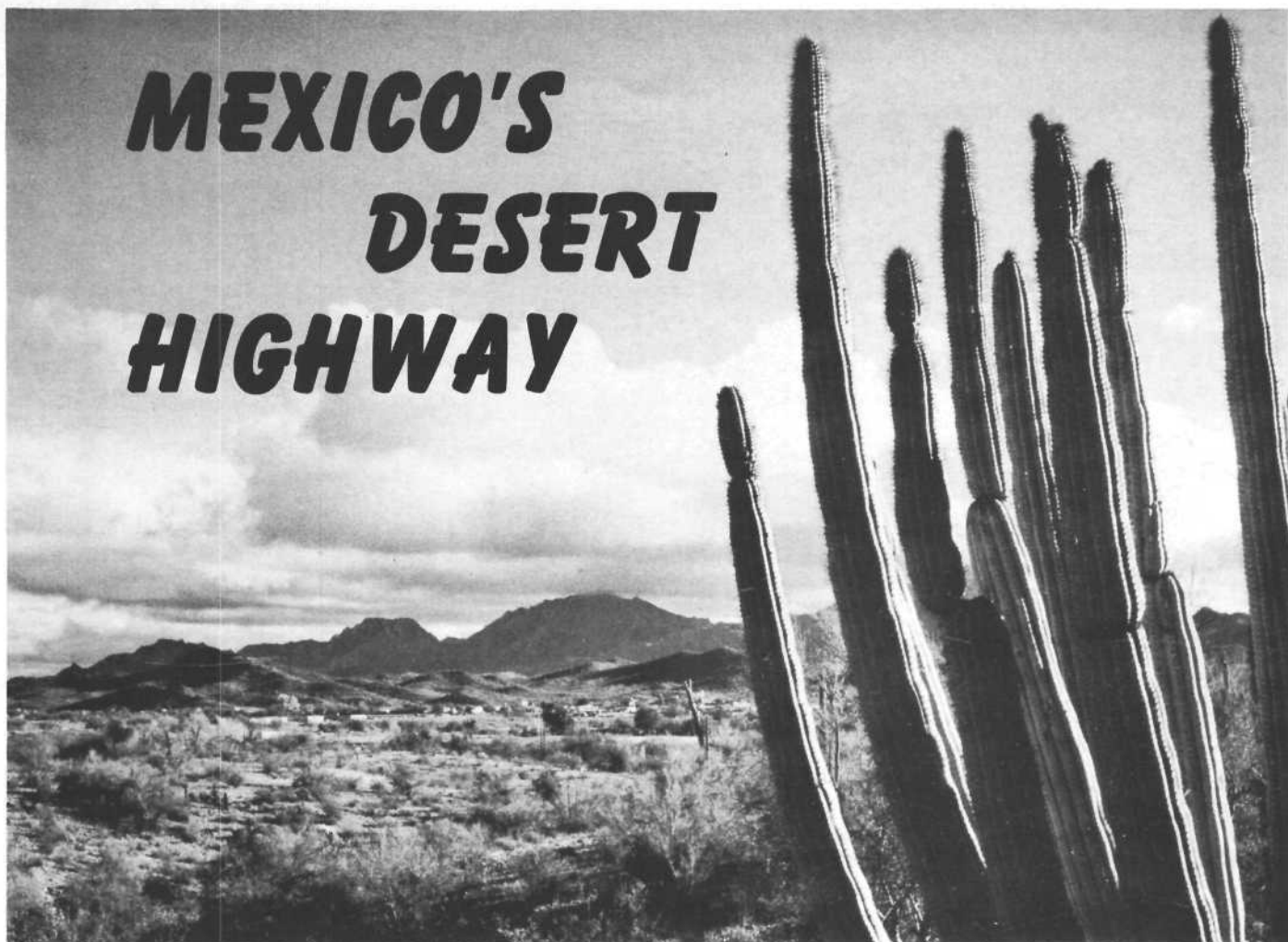
Available accommodations in Pioche include two motels and one older hotel. There are no facilities at Panaca. At Caliente, 25 miles south, there are numerous motels and other facilities, including an old railroad hotel and a hot spring.—END

OLD MINING CAMP OF PIOCHE IS PEACEFUL TODAY, BUT 75 MEN DIED OF GUNSHOT HERE BEFORE THE FIRST NATURAL DEATH WAS RECORDED





# MEXICO'S DESERT HIGHWAY



SONOYTA LIES AT FOOT OF HILLS IN DISTANCE

By NELL MURBARGER

MEXICO'S ROUTE 2 parallels the International Border, linking Mexicali, Baja California, with Sonoyta, Sonora—175 miles of pavement I had never traveled before. This may seem like a strange place for a lone woman to take a camping trip, but in my heart there's a special niche for remote lands—and I blessed the impulse that led me to make this short journey.

The first leg of the road out of Mexicali passes through Mexicali Valley, and but for the absence of Colonial mansions and Negro mammals, I might have been deep in the heart of Dixie. Here are the same lazily meandering canals reflecting blue sky and white clouds, the same thousands of flat acres dedicated to King Cotton. In the first dozen miles out of Mexicali I passed a dozen fine modern cotton gins, as well as several huge factories devoted to processing cottonseed oil and meal; while gin yards, big as rodeo fields, held millions of dollars worth of baled cotton awaiting shipment to textile centers of the world.

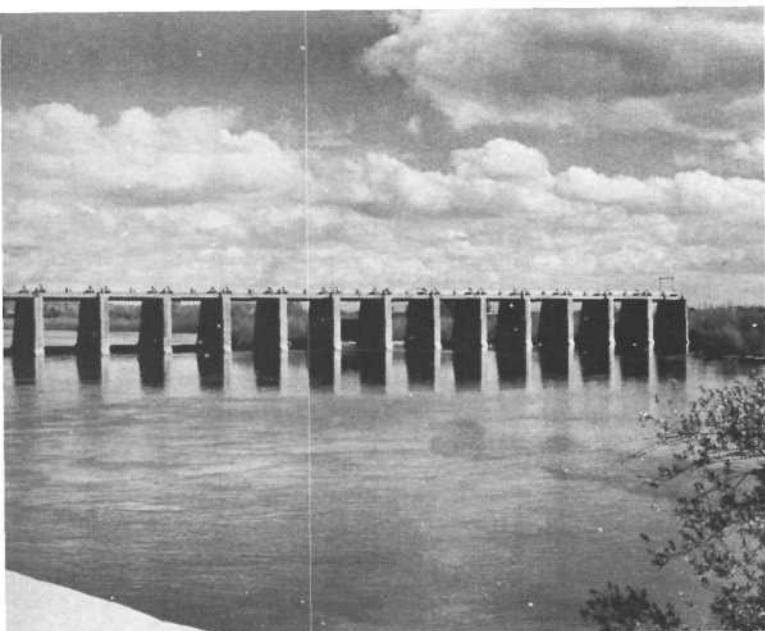
It is easy to understand why the eyes of many would-be empire builders have fallen on this great Mexican valley. One of these men was Harry Chandler, late publisher of the *Los Angeles Times*. In association with other moneyed Californians, Chandler, late in the 19th Century, purchased approximately a million acres of this land and began the costly process of clearing away the mesquite jungles, leveling the dunes, surveying irrigation canals, and bringing the soil under cultivation. Cotton gins and cottonseed oil mills were built, and the Colorado delta country of Baja California was started on its way to prosperity.

Never highly profitable, the development was doomed in the 1930s when peon settlers, sponsored by the Agrarian Reform Movement, took over a quarter-million acres of the improved land. The Mexican government eventually paid indemnity and acquired the remaining property, but the total recovered by Chandler and his associates was reportedly less than cost of the improvements alone.

In the open desert beyond the trim cotton fields, man's activities are confined to tiny villages strung along the highway like beads on a Rosary. With their cross-hatching of unpaved side-streets flanked by one-story adobe huts and mud-and-pole jacals; their fences fashioned of ocotillo wands and bamboo, their few tiny places of business and bebies of brown-skinned youngsters — these villages are only a few miles from California's teeming centers of population, yet are as typically Mexican as hamlets in the heart of Durango. Mexicans dispense and deliver fruit, vegetables, water and goat-milk from rickety two-wheeled carts, each drawn by a single horse or burro. Other men trample mud and straw with their bare feet to create adobe.

At Santa Rosa, 31 miles east of Mexicali, I couldn't resist the 19-mile side-road to Morelos Dam on the Colorado River. This huge structure might almost be classified as a weir since it raises the river water only enough to shunt it into the great Alamo Canal. Situated eight river-miles south of Yuma, Morelos Dam was completed in 1950 at a cost of \$7 million. When operating at capacity, this 1432-foot-long barrier supplies irrigating water to 800,000 acres in Mexicali Valley and the delta country, thereby utilizing in full the 1,500,000-acre-feet of water guaranteed

All-paved Route 2 crosses a fascinating expanse of arid country just south of the border



↑ MORELOS DAM ON THE COLORADO RIVER WILL EVENTUALLY SUPPLY 1,500,000-ACRE-FEET OF WATER TO 800,000 FARM ACRES IN MEXICALI VALLEY AND THE DELTA REGION

to Mexico under terms of the Colorado River Pact. At the west-end of the dam stands a bronze statue honoring General Jose Maria Morelos, martyred Mexican patriot. Inscribed there are his memorable words spoken in 1810: *La tierra es la Patria. Cultivemosla para que sea libre*—"The soil is the Motherland. We must cultivate it in order to be free."

San Luis, Sonora, only 26 paved miles from Yuma, is replete with markets, curio stores selling Mexican handcrafts, and sundry other places of business. Here I filled my tank with one of the major brands of United States gasoline, for which I paid 27c a gallon, and found the station attendant perfectly willing to put it on my credit card.

East of San Luis the road runs flat, smooth and straight across a region designated as *El Gran Desierto*. On this stretch I saw little vegetation other than widely-space creosote bushes, few of them more than a foot or two in height. Occasionally I met small trucks loaded with mesquite or ironwood poles and branches on their way to San Luis for sale as firewood. For miles the road here runs in full view of the International Boundary—defined by an ordinary fence consisting of four barbed wires strung tautly on slender iron posts.

After the wide empty flatness of *El Gran Desierto*, the

first hills come as a welcome change. Situated mainly on the Arizona side of the line, these mountains are the Tinajas Altas, lying athwart the infamous *Camino del Diablo*, "The Devil's Road," whereon so many early Western emigrants lost their lives. Burned and warped by Plutonic fires, there was not a speck of green visible from the base to the summit of these rock barriers, and any trail through them would have been a soul-scarring way.

First ocotillos on the trip begin straggling into view about 30 miles east of San Luis, and as the elevation gradually rises, a few ironwoods and mesquites appear; also the vanguard of the saguaros and the first cholla cacti.

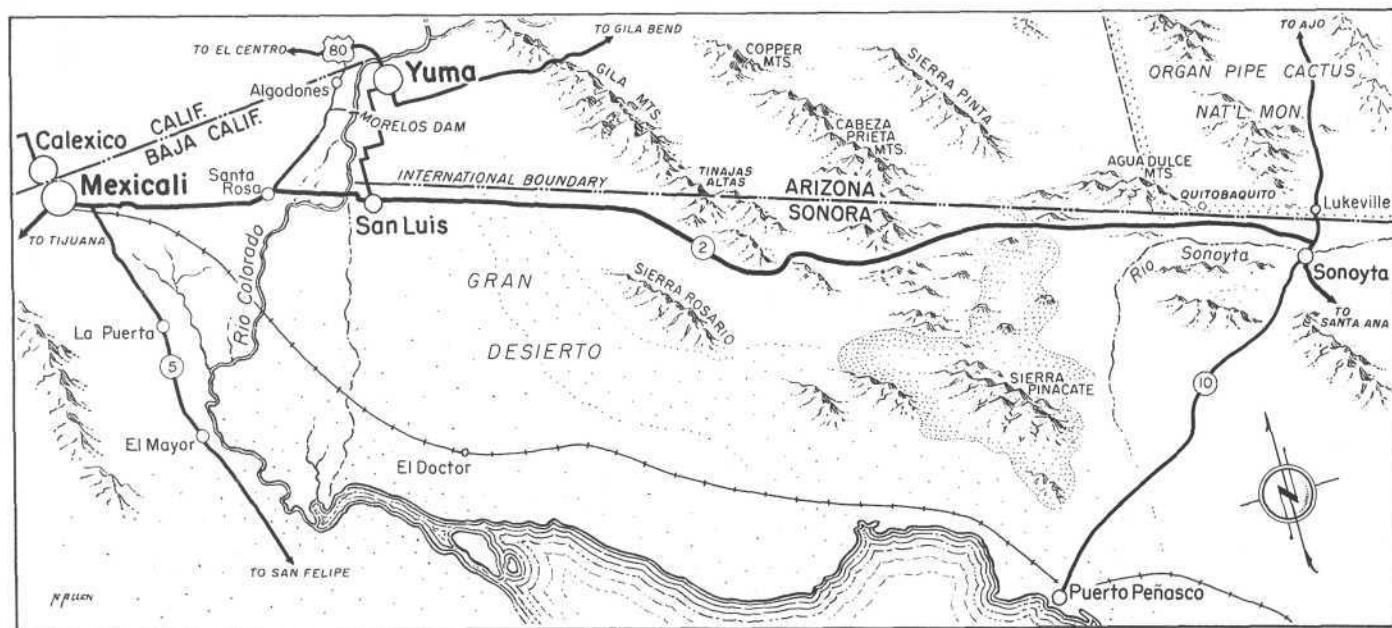
Except for an Agricultural Inspection Station 10 miles east of San Luis (where no one, incidentally, came forth to inspect either me or my outfit) the first sign of human habitation after leaving San Luis comes at the 35-mile point. It was a primitive sort of dwelling including, possibly, two or three small rooms, one of which was doing double duty as a stage station. Posted on its "street" front were signs advertising several brands of soft drinks, and emergency gasoline is available here, in cans.

Followed more volcanic hills, including several which are extinct craters. Broken pieces of basalt mantled their sides, and at one point windrows of black volcanic rock intruded to within a few feet of the highway.

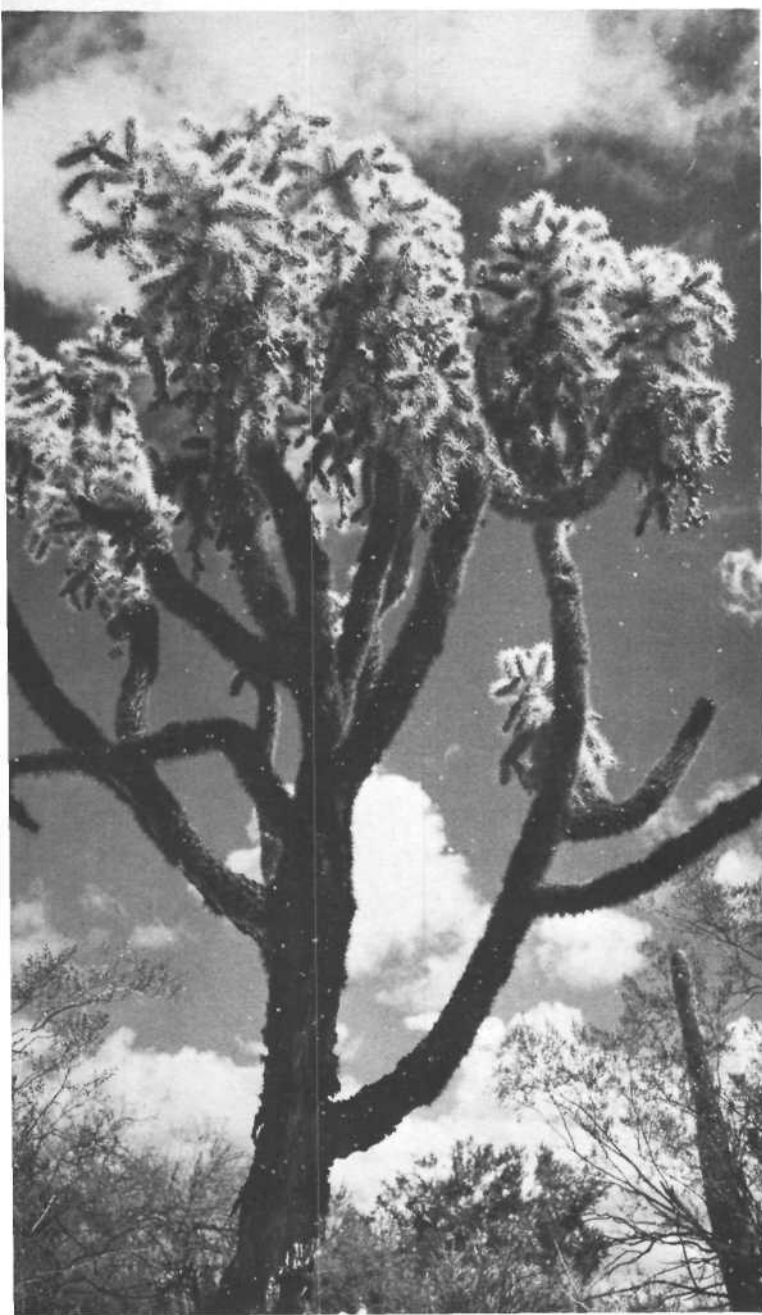
Sixty miles east of San Luis brought the next "inhabited" place—another little one-building way-stop which a sign identified as El Puerto ("The Pass"), but which my map designated as Zumbador. The name isn't especially important, and neither is the station. A Sonoyta-San Luis bus was in the yard, and the half-dozen passengers and driver—all Mexicans and Indians—were walking about, stretching their legs. Several wandered through the open door to the building's interior where they refreshed themselves with *dulces* and unrefrigerated soda-pop.

A couple of ravens launched themselves into the air from beside the road, and a roadrunner sprinted briskly ahead of my car. From time to time the highway passed through or skirted bands of granite hills, and washes in these areas hold some attractive specimens of quartz float. It was nice stuff for rock-work and cactus gardens, and several pieces of it found their way into my car.

The road again penetrated a region of lava rock, and the sawed-off craters became more numerous. Another small stage station appeared—this one displaying a pair of gasoline pumps. The vegetation was becoming a little







THE CHAIN-FRUIT CHOLLAS GROW TALL ALONG THE BORDER 

greener, and about 10 miles east of the last mentioned station I glimpsed the first senita and organ pipe cacti. Not far beyond this point I pulled off into an open flat, drove back to a secluded cove out of sight of the road, and made camp at the base of a huge organ pipe cactus.

Traces of sunset still brushed the western sky as purple shadows began welling out of the canyons to spread their dark robes across the dry bajadas and broken hills. It was very quiet. Even the soft whisper of the breeze had died away, leaving the gnarled ironwoods and paloverdes to stand like trees cast in bronze, and the only movements visible in all that wide expanse were the curling flames of my campfire.

This was Mexico. Not the fashionable and romantic land pictured in travel brochures, but dry Sonora's northern frontier. To the south spread a forbidding waste of restless sandhills and burned volcanic mountains. Civil-

MEXICO'S ROUTE 2 PASSES THROUGH SEVERAL VOLCANIC AREAS 

zation's nearest outposts to the north lay far distant over near-trackless ranges.

After supper I plugged in my tape recorder and mounted a reel on which was taped 30 of my favorite songs. Then I sat drinking in the peace of that wide and lonely land—a peace now mellowed by the lovely strains of *La Golondrina*, *Deep River* and *Loch Lomond*.

As stars came to wink in the darkening sky, and the moon, like a silver cartwheel, climbed over the ragged summits to the east, I realized that my campfire had burned down to glowing embers, my eyelids grown heavy, and that time for the finale was at hand.

Running the tape forward to the proper point, I listened to the recorded words and music of *Desert Magic* by Aim Morhardt of Bishop, Calif.—the perfect end to a perfect day.

Next morning my road skirted the southern boundary of Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument. The green cluster of cottonwoods grouped around the wonderful spring of Quitobaquito lies about 100 yards north of the highway, and is easily spotted, for trees of such immense size are rare in this desertland.

Leaving my car beside the road, I climbed through the wire fence that defines the International Boundary, and found myself amid the crumbling adobe ruins that mark this famous camping place. Here for more centuries than any man can know, desert explorers and travelers—Indians, Spaniards, Mexicans and “Anglos”—have rested, recuperated, and enjoyed the bounty of this clear pool.

The sandaled friars Kino and Garces, and Anza, founder of cities, camped at Quitobaquito even before the signing of America's Declaration of Independence. Later came the gold-seeking Forty-Niners, outlaws, cowboys, smugglers, men of every character and color. And now, for the first time in its long and varied history, the great spring is serving no man's need, its tree-shaded pool choked by cattails and rushes, old adobe huts on the bordering flat falling to ruin.

The little border town of Sonoyta lies a few miles down the highway—and here ended my Mexican safari. The Mexican immigration authorities waved me through without question, and all the American customs officer asked was what I was bringing back from Mexico.

Between San Luis and Sonoyta I had met one passenger bus, seven autos and 17 small trucks and pickups. Only one of these 25 vehicles was wearing California license plates, and one pickup was from Arizona; the other vehicles were Sonoran. In these 125 miles I passed only four cabins separated by thousands of acres of clean, unspoiled and uncluttered desert, providing scores of good natural campsites. Best of all, I had driven that entire way without seeing even one “Keep Out” sign.—END



## 30





By W. Thetford LeViness  
P.O. Box 155, Santa Fe

TO THINK OF New Mexico is to think of Indian dances, and Indian dances are usually associated with the summer tourist season. But, these dances are all ceremonies, with deep religious significance. They are given in all the New Mexico pueblos, all the year 'round. Some of the loveliest take place in January.

Pueblo Indians dance for important occasions — Christmas, a saint's day, or a



SAN ILDEFONSO RITUAL DANCE DRUMMER

political event. Every New Year's Day, for example, each pueblo elects a governor and several other officials. They are chosen by the kiva council, a religious body, after much meditation and after offerings to the Great Spirit. Those elected are, in a large sense, theocratic rulers. They are all men, are elected for one year, and only in rare instances do they succeed themselves; they may hold several nonconsecutive terms, however—and often do.

When election results are announced, the women put on big feasts in the homes, and public ceremonies are held. The rites are traditionally winter ones; the deer and other hunting dances are the most likely. The New Year's dance at Taos has been a favorite event with non-Indians for many years. All the other pueblos give dances too, and the big ones are at Tesuque, Cochiti, and Laguna. Tesuque is on U.S. 64-84-285 north of Santa Fe; Cochiti is beyond Penablanca, reached by taking State Road 22 west from its intersection with U.S. 85 between Santa Fe and Bernalillo; and

Laguna is on U.S. 66, 50 miles west of Albuquerque.

Officials elected January 1 are inaugurated January 6—amid more dancing and feasting. January 6 is "Three Kings Day," the English Epiphany or "Old Christmas," which commemorates the Bible story of gifts to the Christ-child. Dances given in the pueblos this date are light and casual, designed to amuse the village children. Clowns dance, and they do comic burlesques on the more serious performers.

Again, all the pueblos give dances January 6, and the Taos scene is particularly popular. Tesuque holds a deer dance, and there are excellent ceremonies at both Cochiti and Santa Clara. Santa Clara is a small, homogeneous Indian community, 2 miles south of Espanola, on the road to the nuclear research center, Los Alamos.

One other Pueblo event in January is worth mention—the *fiesta* at San Ildefonso on the 23rd, a Saturday in 1960. San Ildefonso is on State Road 4, about half the distance from Santa Fe to Los Alamos; along with Santa Clara, it is famous for its fine contemporary pottery. The ritual given on January 23 is usually the Comanche dance, adapted long ago from the Plains tribe of that name. Dancers appear in heavily plumed war bonnets which sweep down to the ankles in the back; they keep in precise formation, and the performance is spirited. A few hardy clansmen keep vigil the night before, around a campfire on a nearby hill; then they dance into the plaza at sunrise. There is mass at a Roman Catholic church in the vicinity, and more dancing until late afternoon. All this time the women sell pottery in and outside their homes. San Ildefonso Indians speak Tewa, one of six Pueblo tongues. They are believed to be lineal descendants of ancients who occupied Tsankawi, a ruined city within the boundaries of the Bandelier National Monument.

Late in January, pueblos along the Rio Grande begin their planting ceremonies, supplications to the Omnipotent One for spring moisture. These include the basket dance in Tewa-language towns north of Santa Fe, and the parrot dance in Keres-speaking villages to the south. There are no set dates for these events, but they usually occur on Sundays when more Indians can participate. Some of the more Catholicized villages don't hold dances during Lent—March 2 to April 16 in 1960—but almost without exception there are ceremonies at some New Mexico pueblos on Sundays from late in January until just before Ash Wednesday.

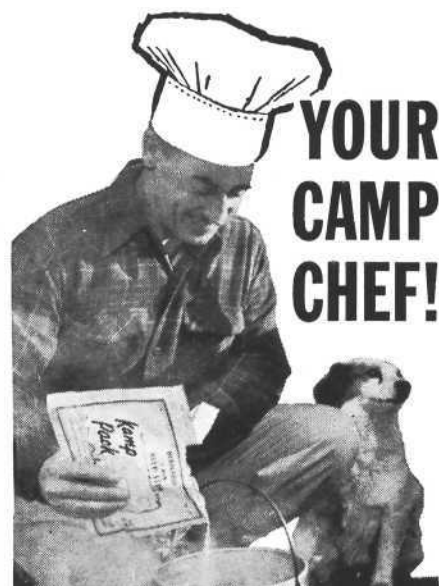
Ski tournaments take place in high levels of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains near Santa Fe and Taos in January. These cities have developed into top winter resorts as a result, and several other ski runs have been established.—END

$\text{Na}_2\text{SO}_4$   $\text{PbSO}_4$   $\text{ZnSO}_4$   $\text{CaF}_2$   $\text{Fe}_2\text{SiO}_4$   $\text{KCl}$   $\text{NaF}$   $\text{Na}_2\text{S}$   $\text{PbS}$

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By Thomas B. Lesure

6120 N. 18th St., Phoenix

ONE OF THE nicest times to go over Arizona's Apache Trail is during the month of January. The present Trail—which closely parallels an old Apache trace—is about two-thirds paved. It begins at Apache Junction, 30 miles east of Phoenix via U.S. 60-70-80-89. The Trail is designated State Route 88, and is clearly marked, not only by signposts but by the brooding hulk of Superstition Mountain and a rapidly developing community at the Junction.

At first, the Trail seems mild, undulating past desert cacti gardens and former mining camps. Shortly after entering Tonto National Forest, its character changes—gradually, then dramatically. Curving and twisting past giant rock formations seemingly whipped up by a gigantic egg beater, it suddenly comes to Canyon Lake, and drops to the lakeshore like a plummet. The lake—first of several along the Trail that back-up water of the Salt River and provide irrigation for Phoenix's Valley of the Sun—is popular with boating, fishing and water skiing enthusiasts. Picnic sites along its shore are ideal for shaded outdoor fun.

Roller-coasting, the Trail zips over the rock-bound hills and slithers into Tortilla Flat, a gas stop and sportsmen's headquarters where off-trail rockhunting is good. A few miles along, a spur road leads to Mormon Flat Dam and the site of the Battle of the Caves in which U.S. troopers decimated renegade Apaches some 75 years ago. Mountain vistas begin to pile up like bluish meringue on the horizon and sud-

denly — after innumerable curves across miniature canyons and a high plateau — there's Fish Creek Hill.

The foreground dramatically gives way, revealing the bronze-tinted cliffs and shield-like formations of Fish Creek Canyon more than 1000 feet below. The road snakes down the side of a sheer precipice and finally reaches the sycamore shaded dry creek bed in the Superstition Wild Area.

About the time you're breathing normally again, the road caps a hill, and elongated Apache Lake—backed by the phantasmal terraces and peaks of the Mazatzal Range—comes into view. If you'd like to indulge in some more boating or bass angling, take the mile-long side road to the lake.

From here, the road—still dirt but fast—twists along past the Burnt Corral Recreation Area and old cliff-side glory holes to Roosevelt Dam and Lake. The dam is the world's biggest masonry structure of its type, and the large mushroom-shaped lake is a fine bass fishing hole. In the background, like a movie backdrop, rise the white-streaked Sierra Anachas.

A short distance past the small hamlet of Roosevelt, a paved road to the right loops



ROOSEVELT DAM IS APACHE TRAIL ATTRACTION

up the mountainside to Tonto National Monument where in a weather-pocked cave you may see and inspect a fairly well-preserved Salado Indian cliff dwelling built about the 14th Century. A small museum—overlooking vast vistas of Tonto Basin—relates the history of the area.

Past here the paved Trail climbs over the summit, winds down into the old gold-seeking community of Wheatland, and past a deserty golf course to U.S. 60 just east of Claypool and Miami.

The loop back to Phoenix, via U.S. 60-70, tosses in Devils and Queen Creek Canyons with their rock pinnacles and rugged gorges, the smelter operations at Miami and Superior, the Southwestern Arboretum just west of Superior, vast desert views of the Salt River Valley, Superstition Mountain, Weavers Needle, and natural desert gardens. The day's drive, about 200 miles long, is one of the most memorable in the Southwest.—END

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# Boy's Eyevew Of The Wild West

Continued from page 19

hundred feet away, were smoking. Other men were working there frantically, wetting them down. Several people perished, and there was nothing left of the Depot but ashes.

About this time Needles had a population of 4500, and the older kids organized the "Needles Athletic Club." Our object was to outfit a town baseball team. We went around town with subscription lists and raised over \$300, a lot of money in those days. We ordered red and white suits, and practiced diligently. I was left fielder. We built up a good field on the flats toward the Landing.

Only trouble was that the nearest town with a team was Kingman, Arizona, 80 miles away.

Someone talked the Santa Fe into a free ride to Kingman for the team and its rooters, and one Sunday we played the much-touted game. We went out onto what purported to be a baseball field, but was only an empty block of gravelly hard-pan near the Depot. We were sweating in our pretty suits and wool stockings, our caps set at a jaunty angle, and "Needles" blazoned across our shirt fronts. Half the Kingman boys didn't have suits, but played in their overalls and undershirts.

"Crack" after "crack" came the fly balls, all seemingly in my direction. I almost ran myself to death after them. We never lived it down. Kingman whipped us 19 to 2.

Early in 1906, Dad and his partner, a man named Kohlhauser, located a group of copper-gold claims in the Dead Mountains, about eight miles west of Needles, and two miles south of Eagle Pass, and began work there.

There was water in the canyon there

a part of each year, and we had a beautiful campsite above a white, sand-bottomed pool in the shade of a tent-sized brown boulder. There was a dense, silver-green clump of screw-bean mesquite curtaining it. Kohlhauser had a son named Erie, and he and I did the mucking. I also did the cooking for a crew of 10 men.

I loved every moment of it, except perhaps, the times I got starved for reading material and read the labels on the cans of food in the "kitchen," forward, upside down, and backwards. I also missed the old Edison Home Phonograph we had at Needles, with the latest records we got each month from Los Angeles. I hummed or whistled the songs I had memorized. My favorites then were, "When You Know You're Not Forgotten by the Girl You Can't Forget," and "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway." Sometimes I borrowed Dad's guitar and improvised melodies of my own. The men sat up many evenings, long after the moon had changed her golden sandals to silver ones, and Dad would play old Spanish melodies, or else chord to some popular song.

About every other week I drove the two-horse team and creaking Studebaker wagon down through the smoke trees of Eagle Pass Wash, up onto the malpais mesas, and on into Needles for mail, news, grub and supplies. I can shut my eyes today and hear the grinding brake shoes sliding on the steel rims of those back wheels going down into the wash below the foothills.

The mine was up a steep canyon, and the road to it ended at the beginning slopes a couple of miles below. On my way back from town I had to leave the wagon at that point and

pack the supplies the rest of the way up on the horses.

One hot trip up the trail I was riding old Jim, an ancient balky bay, leading behind me the mare Nellie, which had once been an Indian race pony. Kid-like, I sat on a blanket folded over the packsaddle "trees." Tied to the trees on one side, I had a half crate of eggs, and on the other a 50 pound box of dynamite. Wrapped in a handkerchief and pinned into my shirt pocket was a box of fulminate of mercury blasting caps. I'd have been all right if I hadn't got into the habit of twisting the mare's lead rope around my wrist.

About halfway up to the mine, old Jim stirred up a sidewinder. He heard the high pitched sibilation before I did, and went into one of his blind tantrums. At the same time, Nellie reared and catapulted me off. Next thing I knew I was in a pile of rocks, and was smeared from head to foot with egg yolks. The box of dynamite went bounding past me down the hillside. Luckily, I protected the blasting caps.

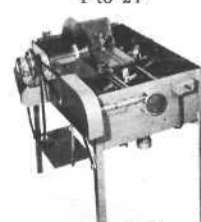
After a week of rubbing my posterior with Chamberlain's Pain Killer, I could again navigate under my own power.

This time Dad didn't say anything. Just shook his head.—END

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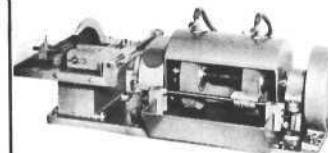
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GENEROUS SAMPLE slice Wyoming olive green Jade gem quality \$1. Descriptions, prices, Agatized woods, etc. Wholesale, retail. 25c additional postage, handling. Nancy's Rock Shop, Glenrock, Wyoming.

BUY NOW—Be ready: Tumble polished baroques mixed medium sizes, \$4 per pound, 3 pounds \$10. Unsorted tumbler run baroques, \$2.50 per pound. Guadalupe Canyon yellow moss agate baroques, \$4 per pound. Postage, please. Tako Rock Gems, Box 332, Sierra Vista, Arizona.

GENUINE TURQUOISE: Natural color, blue and bluish green, cut and polished cabochons—25 carats (5 to 10 stones according to size) \$3.50 including tax, postpaid in U.S.A. Package 50 carats (10 to 20 cabochons) \$6.15 including tax, postpaid in U.S.A. Elliott Gem & Mineral Shop, 235 E. Seaside Blvd., Long Beach 2, Cal.

AUSTRALIAN TUMBLED gemstones, 8 different polished baroques, identified, suitable for necklace or chain bracelet. \$1.10 postpaid. Or 10 different polished baroques, identified, from around the world. \$1.25 postpaid. Bensusan, 8615 Columbus Avenue, Sepulveda, California.

CALIFORNIA DESERT rocks. Gem quality. Polished. Large assortment. One dollar postpaid. Pollard, 12719 Laurel Street, Lakeside, Calif.

OPAL, AMETHYST, etc. 10 ringsize stones, ground and polished ready to set, \$5. Opals, deep red, blue, green, golden flashing in all colors of the rainbow, direct from the mine, 15 for \$5. Kendall, Sanmiguel d'Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.

SLAB SPECIAL: Over 50 square inches blue agate, Arizona wood, opalized jasper and many others only \$2; 150 square inches only \$5. Money back if not pleased. The Burds, 11111 Franklin Street, Lynwood, California.

### ● GEMS, DEALERS

CHOICE MINERAL specimens, rough and cut gem material, lapidary and jewelry equipment and supplies, mountings, fluorescent lamps, books. Valley Art Shoppe, 21108 Devonshire Street, Chatsworth, California.

DESERT ROCKS, woods, jewelry. Residence rear of shop. Rockhounds welcome. Mile west on U.S. 66. McShan's Gem Shop and Desert Museum. P.O. Box 22, Needles, California.

MARY'S ART and Rock Shop, 509 Torrance Blvd., Redondo Beach, California. Formerly on the Strand and Hermosa Avenue.

UTAH'S LARGEST rock shop—drive out, look and save. Have a field day in our yard. Diamond saws, grinders, lapidary equipment, mountings, agate, jade, petrified wood, geodes, mineral specimens. Shop on Highway 89-91 north bound, 754 North 2nd West, Salt Lake City.

"SELL ROCKS?" Yes! Sands, clays, soils, rocks, ores, fossils, many outdoor items sell for cash, trade for things wanted. Let Mother Nature finance outings, hobby, business. Details 4c stamp. "Suppliers' Bulletin" 25c. D. McCampbell, Box 503, Calexico, California.

VISIT GOLD Pan Rock Shop. Beautiful sphere material, mineral specimens, choice crystals, cutting materials, jewelry, bolo ties, baroques, spheres, bookends, paperweights, cabochons, faceted stones, fluorescents, jewelry findings, lapidary equipment and supplies, Navajo rugs, custom sawing—by the inch or shares. Saws, up to 30-inch diameters. John and Etta James, proprietors, 2020 North Carson Street on Highway 395 north end of town. Carson City, Nev.

### ● GEMS, MINERALS - FOSSILS

12 POUNDS of beautiful Colorado mineral specimens, \$8 prepaid. Ask for list of others. Jack the Rockhound, P.O. Box 245, Carbondale, Colorado.

FOSSILS. 12 different for \$2. Other prices on request. Will buy, sell or trade. Museum of Fossils. Clifford H. Earl, P. O. Box 188, Sedona, Arizona.

WOOD, VERY colorful and good gem quality. State color and size wanted, 75c per pound, postage paid. Simonds Mines, Box 511, Hanksville, Utah.

HUBNERITE TUNGSTEN, rhodonite; good dark pink, Zunyte in Guitermanite matrix at \$1 pound, sphalerite crystals, quartz and calcite crystals. For details write: The Prospect Hole, Silverton, Colorado.

FINE DOMESTIC and foreign crystals and massive minerals. Please ask for free list. Continental Minerals, P.O. Box 1206, Anaconda, Montana.

MINERALS, SPECIMENS, slabs, rough material, mountings, lapidary supplies, etc. Shamrock Rock Shop, 1115 West La Cadena Drive, Riverside, California. Phone OVerland 6-3056.



COMPARISON MINERAL specimens sample order of ten \$1.50. Included are lepidolite, smaltite, bauxite, cinnabar, garnierite, arsenophrite, chromite. Or send for free details on how to obtain 210 one inch specimens for only \$18.50 postpaid! Minerals Unlimited, 1724 University Avenue, Berkeley 3, Calif.

## ● GEMS, ROUGH MATERIAL

TURQUOISE FOR sale. Turquoise in the rough priced at from \$5 to \$50 a pound. Royal Blue Mines Co., Tonopah, Nevada.

MOZARKITE COMPOSED of jasper, rhodonite, chalcedony and agate. Beautiful colors in pink, grays, reds, blues and browns. Takes a beautiful polish. Send \$2.50 for get-acquainted offer. Timberline Lake Rock and Gem Shop, Lincoln, Missouri.

MINNESOTA SUPERIOR agates 1/2 to 1 inch \$1.35 pound postpaid; 1 to 2 inch \$2.50 pound postpaid. 3 polished Thompsonites \$1 postpaid. Frank Engstrom, Grey Eagle, Minn.

COLORFUL AUSTRALIAN Fire Opal \$25.00 worth on approval. No deposit! Select the best. Return the rest. See before you buy. Free list. Western Rock & Gem, 20385 Stanton, Castro Valley, California.

GOLDEN SWIRL Agate from Utah. White, yellow, brown. Nice irregular bands, eyes and circles. Finishes nicely. 75c a pound, 3 pounds for \$2; slabs, 15c inch. Plus postage. Stan's Shop, 123 West Fifth North, Provo, Utah.

MOJAVE DESERT jasper, howlite, agate, 75c pound, Australian rhodonite, aventurine, lepidolite, rainbow obsidian, \$1 pound, postage and tax extra. Tubby's Rock Shop, 3329 Mayfield, La Crescenta, California.

GEMS — MINERALS — Special offer: 1/4 pound phantom amethyst; from Africa; 75c postpaid. Free list. For the beautiful and exotic, write at once to The Vellor Company, P.O. Box 44(D), Overland, St. Louis 14, Missouri.

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315 RARE Indian collection; 600 inches agate; one quart fire opal Virgin Valley, Nevada; 60 pounds rough Apache tears, \$1.50 pound. Jasper, opalite cutting 50c. R. W. Ragland, Star Route, Amboy, California.

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GEM MATERIAL from the Mojave Desert. Your choice: Mojave agate, lavic jasper, verde antique, palmwood, travertine (green), chapenite, onyx, opalite, jasp-agate, buds eye, and mixed jasper. 100 pounds — \$22.50; 100 pounds mixed \$12.50. Sample \$3.50. All material F.O.B. Barstow. Morton Minerals and Mining, 21423 (Old) Highway 66, R.F.D. 1, Barstow, California. Phone 8551.

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OPALS AND sapphires direct from Australia. This month's best buy: cut sapphires. 1 blue sapphire facet cut, 1 black star sapphire, 1 cabochon sapphire, 1 blue star sapphire. All weighing over 1 carat each. \$18, free airmail. Send personal check, international money order, bank draft. Free 16 page list of all Australian gemstones. Australian Gem Trading Co., 294 Little Collins Street, Melbourne, C.I., Australia.

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## ● INDIAN GOODS

AUTHENTIC INDIAN jewelry, Navajo rugs, Chimayo blankets, squaw boots, old Indian collection. Closed Tuesdays. Pow-Wow Indian Trading Post, 19967 Ventura Blvd., East Woodland Hills, Calif. Open Sundays.

FINE RESERVATION-MADE Navajo and Zuni jewelry. Old pawn. Hundreds of fine old baskets, moderately priced, in excellent condition. Navajo rugs, Chimayo homespun, pottery. A collector's paradise! Open daily 10 to 5:30, closed Mondays. Buffalo Trading Post, Highway 18, Apple Valley, California.

THREE FINE prehistoric Indian war arrowheads \$1. Flint scalping knife \$1. Rare flint thunderbird \$3. All \$4. Catalog free. Arrowhead, Glenwood, Arkansas.

PINE VALLEY Trading Post deals in authentic Indian goods, rugs and jewelry, also gift items, imports. On Highway 80, 43 miles east of San Diego. Mailing address, Box 208, Pine Valley, California.

APACHE TRADING Post, Angeles Forest Highway, R.R. 3, Box 94, Palmdale, California, featuring Indian artifacts, antiques, gems and minerals. Open Sundays.

POTTERY PIPE, four perfect arrows, flint thunderbird. All for \$5. List free. Billy Brantley, 2734 St. Louis, Fort Worth 10, Texas.

SELLING 20,000 Indian relics. 100 nice ancient arrowheads \$25. Grooved stone tomahawk \$3. Indian skull \$25. List free. Lear's, Glenwood, Arkansas.

GENUINE INDIAN war bonnets, buffalo hide tom-toms. Beadwork for costumes. Buffalo skulls, western lamps, mounted horns. List free. Thunderbird Trading Post, Millsap, Texas.

INDIAN PHONOGRAPH records, authentic songs and dances, all speeds. Write for latest list: Canyon Records, 834 No. 7th Avenue, Phoenix, 1, Arizona.

4 ARROWHEADS \$1, (25—\$5); 3 birdpoints \$1, (20—\$5); 3 spearheads \$2, (9—\$5); 3 flint knives \$2, (9—\$5); flint celt \$1.25 (5—\$5); drill and scraper \$1, (7 of each \$5); strand trade beads \$1.50 (4—\$5. Paul Summers, Canyon, Texas.

## ● JEWELRY

HANDCRAFTED GEMSTONE jewelry — Individual design—Bolo ties, Masonic emblem mounted on drilled gemstones. Western Gems, 2407 Ames, Edgewater, Colorado.

BOLA AND jewelry finding price list. Compare our prices before you buy. Please include 10c to cover cost of mailing. Dealers send resale number for wholesale list. The Hobby Shop, Dept. DM, P.O. Box 753, 619 North 10th Avenue (Hiway 30), Caldwell, Idaho.

JEWELRY FINDINGS: Get quality with price, send 4c stamp for our 5 page bulletin 10 on findings and bola cords. The Tucker's, Dept. D, 3242 New Jersey Ave., Lemon Grove, Cal.

LET US mount your gems. Send us your own personal design. We manufacture mountings and set your stone in 14K gold, silver, or platinum. Quality workmanship, reasonable. Snearly Mfg. Jlr., 307 Schuter Bldg., El Dorado, Arkansas.

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JEWELRY PARTS—why pay retail? Catalog lists bracelets, sweater clips, tools, bails, cuff links, bell caps, Epoxy-Adhesive, earrings, belt buckles, chains, neck clasps, key chains, larit slides, tips or cords, as well as ring mountings, pendants, brooches, silver. Send 4c stamp to cover postage. Rock Craft, Box 424D-2, Temple City, California.

ALUMINUM CHAINS! Dealers, write for wholesale price list on our fabulous line of non-tarnishing aluminum chains. Include \$1 for samples postpaid. Please use letterhead or state tax number. R. B. Berry & Company, 5040 Corby Street, Omaha 4, Nebraska.

EARRINGS, NECKLACE, bolo ties: \$1.50 each. Specify approximate color. Add 10 percent federal tax. Free catalogue. Rock Baubles Shop, 8922 North Forest, Sunnyslope, Arizona.

CUSTOM CUTTING of precious stones. Faceting. Cabochon. Gem repairs. R. Reis & Associates, 3829 West 66th Street, Chicago 29, Illinois.

## ● MAPS

"TREASURE MAP of the Great Mojave Desert," finest guide to Mojave's treasure of gems, minerals, rocks and recreation, 22x33", 26 detailed maps to special localities. \$1 postpaid. Gemac, Box 808J, Mentone, Calif.

SECTIONIZED COUNTY maps — San Bernardino \$3; Riverside \$1; Imperial, small \$1, large \$2; San Diego \$1.25; Inyo \$2.50; Kern \$1.25; other California counties \$1.25 each. Nevada counties \$1 each. Include 4 percent sales tax. Topographic maps of all mapped western areas. Westwide Maps Co., 114 West Third Street, Los Angeles 13, California.

GHOST TOWN map: big 3x2 feet. California, Arizona and Nevada, with roads marked. Plus Treasure catalogue 100 items. \$1. Foul Anchor Archives, DM, Rye, New York.

## ● MINING

ASSAYS. COMPLETE, accurate, guaranteed. Highest quality spectrographic. Only \$5 per sample. Reed Engineering, 620-R So. Inglewood Ave., Inglewood, California.

\$1 FOR gold areas, 25 California counties. Geology, elevations. Pans \$2.75, \$2.25. Poke \$1. Fred Mark, Box 801, Ojai, California.

## ● REAL ESTATE

80 ACRES near Lockhart, level, \$125 acre, 25% down. 20 acres Highway 395, level, north of Adelanto, \$150 acre, 10% down. 2 1/2 acres west of Adelanto, level, \$1495, 10% down. 2 1/2 acres Lancaster on paved highway, shallow water, level, \$2495, 10% down. Dr. Dodge, 1804 Lincoln Blvd., Venice, Calif.

CHOICE 626 acres on Dillon Road, few miles from Desert Hot Springs, California; \$250 per acre. Write Ronald L. Johnson, Thermal, Cal.

SALTON SEA: 40 acres for less than lot prices. Near town. Only \$100 down, \$40 month buys it. Full price \$3950. Pon & Co., Box 546, Azusa, California.

MORE CLASSIFIEDS ON NEXT PAGE

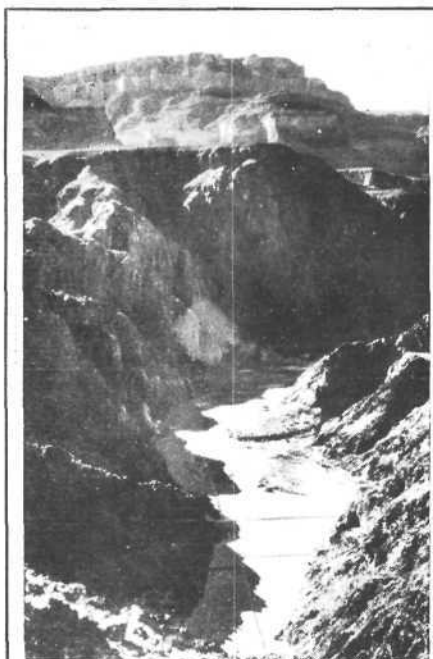
## ● PLANTS, SEEDS

**RAISE GOURDS**—colorful, very fascinating, take little space, make wonderful hobby or crafts can develop into commercially profitable business. Complete instruction kit, craft sheets, seeds, copy magazine, etc., all \$1 prepaid. Price lists of allied crafts included. Joycrafts, 337D Pittock Block, Portland 5, Oregon.

**OLD FASHIONED** large gourd seeds, mixed types, certified. Useful, ornamental. Excellent for centerpieces, birdhouses, Christmas decorations. 50c plus stamp. Certi-Seeds, Box 7, Jacumba, California.

## ● WESTERN MERCHANDISE

**GHOST TOWN** items: Sun-colored glass, amethyst to royal purple; ghost railroads materials, tickets; limited odd items from camps of the '60s. Write your interest—Box 64-D, Smith, Nevada.



Bill Hoy photo

## Your 1960 Invitation

... come see and photograph beautiful, gentle and colorful Glen Canyon of the Colorado River.

**APRIL, MAY & JUNE of 1960**

A year's respite from the burial of the great beauty of GLEN CANYON came through the labor strike which began in July, 1959, on construction of Glen Canyon Dam. It continues.

You may chose from 10 boating runs. Visits to RAINBOW BRIDGE.

Fares: \$85. \$100. \$178.60. \$10 credit for approximately identifying above river scene.

One half fare will be refunded to our 1001st guest.

Write for information on our 1960 Arctic Expedition of July-August.

**HARRY ALESON**  
**WESTERN RIVER TOURS**  
Richfield, Utah

## ● FOR WOMEN

**LADY GODIVA** "The World's Finest Beautifier." For women who wish to become beautiful, for women who wish to remain beautiful. An outstanding desert cream. For information, write or call Lola Barnes, 963 N. Oakland, Pasadena 6, Calif., or phone SYcamore 4-2378.

## ● MISCELLANEOUS

**FIND FLUORESCENT** minerals the easy way. New detector operates in daylight without batteries. Fits in pocket and eliminates dark box. Price \$12.50. Free brochure, Essington Products and Engineering, Box 4174, Coronado Station, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

**MICROSCOPES**, NEW and used, for professionals and hobbyists. Telescopes, scientific supplies. Write for price list. Peninsula Scientific, 2421 El Camino, Palo Alto, California.

**ELEGANT GERMAN** Shepherd puppies AKC, 4-5 months, enhance the beauty of your grounds as well as protect your property with a beautiful pup that matures into a majestic, intelligent adult dog. Males \$75. Females \$150. Delivered in L.A. area. Shipped collect elsewhere. Write Georgine Rancho, 13236 Reservoir Ave., Mint Canyon, Calif., for description, colors, etc.

**GOING PROSPECTING** for gemstones and chia. Will answer inquiries and mail when I get back in six months. Bruce W. Gregory, Box 147, French Camp, California.

**SOUTHWEST WORKSHOP** of professional writing—Weldon and Phyllis Heald, Directors. Individual literary criticism, technical writing assistance, marketing, agenting. All types of material. 2137 East 8th Street, Tucson, Ariz.

**RESTING PLACE** for Rockhounds. Close to mines, mountains, desert. Westward Motel, Salome, Arizona. Clean, comfortable, reasonable.

**PLASTIC EMBEDDING** for fun and profit, no oven. Make beautiful jewelry, decorative panels, science specimen castings. Catalog 25c, Natcol Plastics, Box 444, Yucaipa, Calif.

**WAMPLER WILDERNESS** trail trips — hiking or riding. Yearly calendar of activities, during optimum seasons in Sierra Nevada, Havasu Canyon, Chiricahua Mountains, Carmel back country and Mexico, for men, women and groups. Many including beginners, come alone, make lasting new friends. Please write: Box 45, Berkeley 1, California.

\$1.14: "The Manly Map and the Manly Story" by Ardis M. Walker. An epic of Southwestern history—the heroic struggle of Wm. Lewis Manly and John Rogers and their companions through Death Valley. Paper cover. Only \$1.14 postpaid from Desert Magazine Book Store, Dept. C, Palm Desert, Calif. Buy good books by mail.

**HI! THERE! . . .**

**DESERT LOVERS EVERYWHERE!**

See and hear the new **GOLDEN ALBUM OF DESERT SONGS** by Lois Elder Roy at the 1960 Indian National Date Festival at No. 3 booth in the commercial building.

Or, send check for \$4.95 to Lois Roy, P.O. Box 427, Palm Desert, Calif. If not satisfied money will be returned in full immediately.

(California residents please add 4% sales tax)

## Southwest NEWS Briefs

Increased wildcat drilling activity is predicted in the Paradox Basin (southeastern Utah and southwestern Colorado) in 1960, '61, following a significant natural gas discovery by Pure Oil Company. Already in the field are a record number of seismic crews, probing the underground for promising drilling locales. Mining experts say that Pure Oil's strike has "rejuvenated nationwide interest in the Paradox Basin."

A U.S. Bureau of Reclamation report indicates protection of Rainbow Bridge National Monument from waters of the Glen Canyon Dam Reservoir may cost \$25 million. A two-year survey by the Bureau includes a study of five possible damsites, as well as a diversion tunnel upstream from the bridge (to protect the monument against flash floods). The survey shows that Glen Canyon Reservoir will back water under the bridge to a depth of 46 feet at normal water surface elevation—a condition that will exist a predicted 13% of the Glen Canyon Dam's first 50 years of operation. The diversion dam and 4800-foot tunnel to divert waters of Bridge Creek into an adjacent canyon could be built for \$6 million. The barrier dam downstream to hold back the reservoir waters will raise the cost to \$15 million. Then the price jumps to \$20-25 million depending on the method used to gain access into the remote site.

## DEATH VALLEY '49ERS ELECT NEW OFFICERS

Following their annual Encampment held in November, the Death Valley '49ers elected the following officers for 1960: Ralph P. Merritt, Los Angeles, president; Charles A. Scholl, Arcadia, vice president; Hazel Henderson, Ontario, secretary; and Arthur W. Walker of San Bernardino, treasurer. The new officers will immediately begin making plans for the next Encampment to be held in November, 1960.

### PHOTO and ART credits

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Page 6: lower r—Ray Manley. 7: Wyatt Davis. 8: left—Johnson Photo; lower r—Ray Manley. 15, 16, 17: New Mexico State Tourist Bureau. 21: Mildred Tolbert. 22: Paul V. Long, Jr. 23: map by Norton Allen. 28: map by Norton Allen. 31: New Mexico State Tourist Bureau. 32: Phoenix C of C. 37: Harold Weight. 38: map by Norton Allen. 39: Western Ways Features.





By Lucile Weight

P.O. Drawer 758, Twentynine Palms, Calif.

A NEW DESERT world—with spectacular geology, a silver ghost town, cattle ranches, historic trails and an unusual Joshua forest—is revealed for those who take an inconspicuous north-branch at Essex, California, on Highway 66, in eastern Mojave Desert. Check your car needs in Essex.

The dirt road, used by standard cars, reaches Highway 91-466 at Windmill, 62 miles north. First it skirts east of the Clipper Mountains and passes through Blind Hills to a road fork at 15.9 from Essex—the right branch is the main through road, the left goes to Mitchells Caverns State Park, six miles. This 82-acre park opened Nov. 1, 1959, after having been closed the five years it has been in the state system.

At a crossroads 1.4 miles above the caverns turn-off, a left branch leads seven miles to Providence ghost town, site of the Bonan-

za King Mine, on a road that is fairly good as far as a ranch turnoff, but very rough the last mile or so. Hiking is advised; beware of deep shafts in the area. Remains of native stone buildings and other structures still stand. Last century Indians cut pinyons from high in the Providences, and burros bore them down steep trails to the rich silver camp. Mexicans and Chinese also worked here.

Back to the main road, continue north past colored cliffs and pinyon-studded mountains, past Hole-in-the-Wall and Wild Horse Mesa, reminiscent of Zane Grey country. Blooded Herefords are raised on Gold Valley and other ranches.

Keep left at a main fork 15.9 miles from the Providence branch, heading down to Cedar Canyon, four miles (the "cedars" are junipers). This pass between the Providence and New York Mountains is a section on historic trails. It was trod by Father Garces in 1776, and over 80 years later was used by U.S. Army troops protecting the Ft. Mojave to Los Angeles freighting route. Only a few miles east of Cedar Canyon are Rock Springs and Government Holes, two of the landmarks along the Old Government Road; and northwest are Marl Springs and Soda Springs, sites of two forts on the route.

At Cima, on the Union Pacific railroad, our road goes north up a long curved "dome" dotted with Joshuas, mainly of the intriguing dwarf variety. Natural campsites, some among granite knobs, are at almost 5000 feet elevation, and pleasant even in summer. "Joshua Tree Forest" here was listed as a possible State Park in 1956. It would be preserved both for the unusual Joshuas and as a geological curiosity. Scientists have advanced several explanations



PROVIDENCE COOKHOUSE AND MESS HALL

for Cima Dome, but its origin still is pondered. Meantime, San Bernardino County Supervisors wonder if they are going to have a State Park here.—END



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Across from Municipal Auditorium

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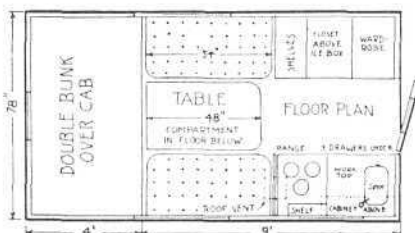
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Concluding Installment By Artist-Writer

*John Hilton*

of his most recent travels and explorations in  
**Baja California**

# ISLA ENCANTADA

**H**OW CAN a man convey with mere words the impact of Baja California's Gonzaga Bay? Physically, it is a small deep-set bay a fifth of the way down the length of the Gulf. It is almost circular in shape, bounded on the west, northwest and southwest by the rocky coast of the peninsula. All but blocking its entrance is an island abruptly rising from the deep blue water. Its reddish and dark-brown volcanic rock rises perhaps 200 feet above the level of the bay. A long sandspit is partially covered by high tides, but at low tide the island is connected to the mainland by this crescent of pale yellow sand. To the south is the opening to a large estuary, and at the extreme southeast is still another but smaller island connected by a shorter crescent of sand at low tide.

Barbara and I drove down to the edge of the bay where a Mexican family was camped in several small shacks. They had posted a sign which read, "Beer, Soda, Gasoline, and Oil—Boat for rent \$5 a day." They were out of all the advertised items except oil. We asked them about the other camp and explained that we were to meet a flier friend there. They said they had a flying field here, why not stay with them? The road to the other place was long, sandy, and partly covered with water.

## Soft Sand

John Hodgkin had given us explicit instructions to camp at "Al's Place" out on the sandspit, so we went blindly on, with our new Mexican friends shaking their heads sadly.

Those heads shook for a reason. It took four hours of digging and jacking on the sandspit to extricate our station wagon from the soft muck in

which it had buried itself to the level of its bulging belly. On solid ground once again, we drove a short distance up the long crescent beach and made camp. Before us lay the impossibly blue bay, behind were the dunes and the estero. Gulls wheeled and cried overhead. Fish jumped from the placid waters, and little six-inch wavelets whispered on the shore. The sun quenched its fire behind a blunt gray mountain—Bahia San Luis Gonzaga was ours.

I broke out a light spinning rod and reel, put on the smallest spinner I could find, and started casting for supper. The reward was two small shore bass which made a tasty dish.

## Hobbyist

We watched the stars come out in the moonless sky, and then walked up the beach the half-mile to Al's Place at the dry end of the arm of sand. Our neighbor was a shell collector, too, and we enjoyed looking over some of his fine specimens in the light of his Coleman lantern.

The walk back was all the sleeping tablet we needed. We turned in early, and only once did the howling of coyotes awaken me.

I sneaked out of bed at the first streak of light. The tide was going out fast. Hundreds of feet of new beach were exposed, and I waded out to pick up living crawling shells of several good species, including two kinds of brilliantly polished olive shells and a rare cone shell. A half-mile down the beach, long black and green streaks of rock were emerging, and I hurried to reach them while the tide was still going out. Here I found pink murex, black and white murex, giant hacha clams, the largest cup-and-saucer limpets I have ever seen, strange-shaped

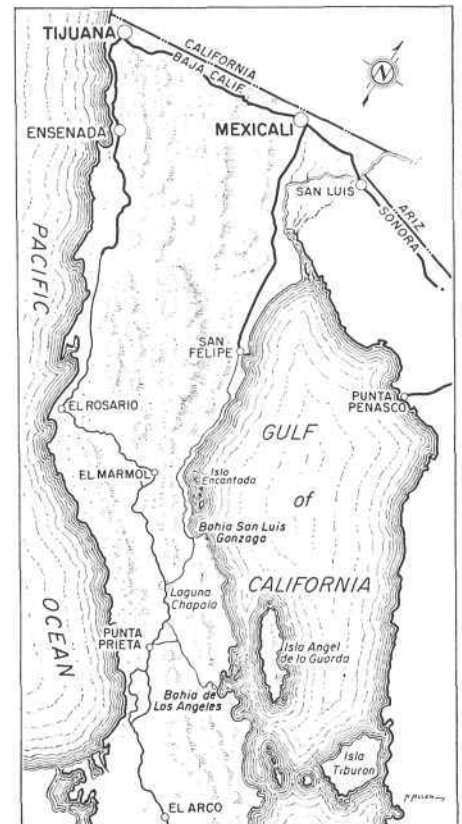
rock oysters and ever so many smaller and rarer denizens of the Gulf.

Back at camp I was just finishing the cleaning of the hachas and had made the white meats into a sea food cocktail with catsup, horseradish, garlic salt, and herbs, when John's plane circled over. By the time I had put the hacha cocktail on ice, John skimmed down to a landing on the wet beach and taxied right up to camp. He pulled his gear out of the plane and put up a small pup tent in the shelter of a nearby dune. By then the seafood cocktail was chilled to the point of perfection.

## Discoveries

Next morning John flew Barbara out to the Enchanted Island, then south to his "Shangri-La Canyon," and to the dry lake at Punta Final. By the time they got back I was again loaded with sea shells of many kinds, colors and shapes. Barbara bounced out of the plane and the words came tumbling out of her so fast I could barely make any sense of them. The general idea was that she had just landed on an island and collected sea gull eggs—then she had landed in the little canyon John calls his Shangri-La where elephant trees reached out as if to grasp a wing-tip as they rolled to a stop in the sand wash. Then she had seen the carcasses of small black whales at Punta Final and—well she had seen just about everything, and she carried some spotted sea gull eggs to prove it.

We had some lunch, then John flew





me over to Punta Final to see the dead whales. Those creatures are about twice the size of a porpoise. They are known as Pacific black fish, and travel in large groups. Like their cousins, the killer whales, they have been known to commit a strange "follow the leader" kind of suicide by driving up onto shore at high tide.

We counted nine carcasses in two groups, and after some nose-holding and self-control, I extracted a few whale teeth for souvenirs. Then we went in for a dip. The water was liquid velvet! The sand was soft and golden underfoot. The great cliffs and the island smiled in the sun, and we smiled back.

#### Enchanted Island

The following morning our destination was the Enchanted Island. First John flew me a few miles north to a good smooth beach where he left me, and went back to get Barbara. I, of course, went shell hunting and found a strange species of starfish I had never seen before, a few live cowries and many other beautiful things. Barbara and John were soon back. We left her on the empty beach with a two-quart canteen, a jar of peanut butter and a box of crackers. She would collect sea shells or sun-bathe until we came back from exploring the Enchanted Island.

As we pulled up from the long golden beach and swung over the sparkling sapphire of the bay, I told John I especially wanted to take some color shots of the great crescent volcanic crater on the east side of the island.

"I'll fly you right down into it," John shouted over the roar of the little motor.

"Don't take any chances on my account," I replied as matter-of-factly as I could.

"Oh, there's nothing to it," he yelled.

We were skimming over the island now—above the volcanic craters and the beautiful triangular estero with its L-shaped sandspit holding back the waters of the Gulf. Then suddenly we crossed the summit of the island with a margin of 50 feet, and banked sharply to the right.

#### Into the Crater

"Get ready to shoot fast," my companion called as we swung around a cliff, still in a tight banking turn. We passed a jutting rock which would have snagged us had we been flying level and John righted the plane as we entered the crater a hundred feet below its rim. Our right wing-tip was 50 feet from the sculptured walls of eroded pumice as we made the half-circle. Then we were out over the water again. I had been shooting and

winding my small camera as fast as I could. Suddenly, we were in another sharp bank. John pointed at the bottom of the crater that was coming up at us at alarming speed.

"Those are pelican nests down there," he called. "I'll get down where you can see them better."

#### Close Look

I started to say something about having seen pelican nests before, but by then we were skimming 30 feet over the rookery. The pelicans were upset, to say the least. Each nest was set in the top of a bush or a cholla cactus, and was outlined by a ring of white guano. In less time than it takes to tell, we were pulling up in a steep bank to miss the onrushing cliffs, and sailing out over the water again.

We circled the island at a respectful distance from the cliffs and came out near the estero. John pointed to a canoe on the beach as he cut his motor for a landing.

The "sandspit" is in reality a long causeway of powdered pumice overlaid by coarse pieces of the same material. Just as it seemed we would never slow down enough to miss rolling into the cliff, John gently applied the brakes.

At first it appeared we were alone on the island, and that the canoe had just drifted in by itself. Finally, two boys showed themselves from behind a bush on the far side of the estero. There was a strange spongy feel to the ground underfoot as we walked toward the two lads.

Gulls were diving and complaining around the boys as we approached, and we realized that the lads had come here to collect eggs. The boys were shy at first, but finally posed for some photos and explained how their egg business operated.

#### Egg Business

The older boy, about 14, carried a bucket made from a five-gallon oil can in which the eggs were transported to the boat. The younger lad, who appeared to be seven or eight, carried a half-gallon lard can half-full of sea water. When an egg was taken from a nest, it was dropped into the water. If it sank it was deemed fresh enough to keep, but if it floated, then back it went on the nest. Gulls keep laying until they have a setting of eggs, like hens do.

The boys sold their eggs to a truck



PILOT WHALE IN SHALLOW WATER  
OFF BAJA CALIFORNIA SHORELINE



THESE MEXICAN LADS HOPE TO BUY OUTBOARD MOTOR WITH MONEY EARNED SELLING GULL EGGS

driver who brought supplies from San Felipe. The truck man got good prices for the gull eggs in the market, for they are just as good to eat and twice as large as chicken eggs. I asked the boys what they intended to do with all the money they made. They said they were going to save up and buy an outboard motor.

#### Orphans

I supposed at first the boys belonged to the Mexican family we had met at the bay, but later learned that they were orphans who did not care to be herded into some institution. They earned their board by doing small chores for the Mexican family. Their room was the out-of-doors, and their bed a worn blanket on the sand, yet somehow I can find no pity in my heart for them—a little envy perhaps, but no pity.

A few minutes later we were back on the broad smooth beach where we had left Barbara. She amazed us by relating that she had just met some friends from our hometown, Twenty-nine Palms, California. After we left she had taken a walk north along the beach. Suddenly she looked up from her shell collecting to see some people walking south. Among them were Bill Smith and his wife of the Smith Ranch near our home.

That afternoon the wind went down and John thought it would be a good time to show me his Shangri-La. We

flew down the coast to Punta Final and then circled the curving shore that turns almost east to enclose the Ensenada de San Francisquito. We passed a small peninsula with a spire of rock jutting out at its end, and just beyond was the tiny bay John had learned to love so much.

"There she is," he shouted as he pointed up a canyon. "Shall we make a try at it?"

I was about to sputter something about not doing it on my account. The canyon looked much shorter than the pumice spit on the island, and for the life of me I could not see how there was room between the trees for the wings of a plane. It was too late, however. We were at approach level, and a few seconds later bouncing merrily up the canyon, and the so-called runway was getting shorter. The twisted white branches of the elephant trees seemed to be clutching at our passing wing-tips, and then we came to a bumping stop.

#### Canyon Beauty

We walked down to the beach and I saw why John loved this place so much. Headlands cut off the cove from the rest of the world. The high beach is sandy from the black rock at one end to the brown rock at the other. The lower tidal beach is half rocky for good fishing, and half clean white sand for bathing. There in the shelter of a cliff was the campsite

where John and his wife, Liz, had camped on earlier visits. They had cut ocotillos for tent poles to make an all-important shade, and built a rock-stove. A neat pile of firewood was stacked under an overhang. If a man wanted to play Robinson Crusoe, this was the spot! It had everything but water, and John carried a collapsible still for making fresh water from the sea.

#### Walking Out

When it was time to take-off, John looked me up and down in a way that made me self-conscious.

"Too much extra weight for a safe take-off?" I queried hopefully.

"No," he mused. "We'll get into the air okay, but . . ."

I grabbed at the chance and hastened to say that I had seen a spot between Shangri-La and a big field at Punta Final that I wanted to explore for sea shells. I assured him it would be a great favor if I could walk back to that point, and he could pick me up there. John seemed relieved. An hour later we met at Punta Final and flew back to camp.

Now in my studio collection are some added sea shells, some bits of strange yellow, pink and black pumice, and a pair of gull eggs that act like magic lamps. When I rub them I am suddenly transported to the strangest island I have ever visited. I see a bay where a resort shall stand one day, but for now it remains a fascinating vista of rocky shore and long smiling stretches of golden sand.—END

## Poem of the month Harvest

By MAUDE RUBIN  
Santa Ana, California

"El Adobe" the sign-board read . . .  
One sorrel mule, one brown; one ancient cab.  
Two smiling cowboys whose new Stetsons  
said

Their job was local color, gift of gab:

Yet in the shadows back of concrete walls,  
Adobe bricks lie crumbling back to dust;  
And in the hay-sweet darkness of the stalls,  
The scythes of early ranchers bloom with rust.

The tourist is the harvest of today—  
Summertime is brief. Haste, make hay!

For Poem-of-the-Month contest rules, see page 4.



## PHOTO HINTS FOR THE SOUTHWEST

# Slide Show

BY HENRY P. CHAPMAN



I remember the first color pictures I took in the Southwest. They were terrific. I also recall the first Southwestern slide shows I put on with those same pictures. They were deplorable.

How come? Exactly what I asked after I turned on the lights and found part of my neighborhood audience asleep. My show included magnificent desert-scapes, cacti in bloom, startling close-ups of desert animal-life, spectacular rock formations, dramatic portraits of Indians, and the kind of sunsets God only paints over the desert. What was wrong?

I concluded that my friends' apathy toward my slides was ignorance of things beautiful, or sheer envy of my photographic prowess. My wife, Toni, disagreed. The Southwestern slide show had bored her, too. After our friends left, we ran through all 400 slides again. And you know what? I fell asleep!

"The trouble's as plain as the ears on a black-tailed jackrabbit," Toni said as she woke me.

I nodded sadly. "Yeah. It's like the jack's ears look—too long."

Some of the slides had to go—but which? I considered every picture a work of art. I couldn't part with any of them—not even the one composed of one-quarter of a horned-toad and three-quarters of my camera case flap which had blown in front of the lens.

So during the following week, my wife pushed up her cardigan sleeves and went to work on my slides. I cringed as I watched her pitiless culling. Later, we viewed the surviving pictures. The improvement in the show was amazing. Aware that Toni's knowledge of photography is limited to what "thingumabob" to press on a camera, I was curious as to her criteria in deciding which slides to reject.

"All those for which you apologized during the showings," she said. "The underexposed ones, the overexposed ones, the out-of-focus ones and the light-struck ones."

However, while eliminating the technically inferior shots and shortening my show had improved it, something else was wrong—too many of the slides were alike. I removed all closely-identical shots and most of the "personal" pictures. The duplicates I later exchanged for other Southwestern scenes with fellow photographers, and the latter I arranged into a "Family Album" show which I add to and project for in-laws, grandparents and sundry relatives.

Plan your Southwestern slide show. Don't simply project the slides the way they happen to be stacked. Continuity

Henry Chapman, this month's guest columnist, is a free-lance writer-photographer who lives in Tesuque Pueblo near Santa Fe. His "Rockhounding with a Camera" appeared in the February Desert Magazine, and "The Indian, the Camera and You" in April.



can be achieved by grouping related subjects, and using title shots. Let's say you've recorded, photographically, a trip through Southern California, Arizona and New Mexico. You can make a title shot saying: "Southwest Safari" and show the slides in the actual sequence of the trip. If there are too many slides, break the show into three parts.

Even though all slides in your Southwestern show are perfect, and you've followed every rule given here thus far, your presentation may still fall flatter than a tortilla—if you talk too much. Commentary is essential, but the less of it the better. Twenty words per slide is considered average comment by the experts, and 40 words the maximum.

Poor commentary is another slide show wrecker. The joy of viewing the most enchanting desert and canyon

country pictures can be a sad experience when accompanied by narration such as: "That's a what-cha-ma-call-em cactus." Let the slide being projected tell most of the story. If it's a picture of an Indian and a mountain range, why comment: "That's an Indian and some mountains." Your slide has already conveyed that to the audience. Your role as commentator is to tell what kind of an Indian, and the name of the mountains.

Since I've cut my Southwestern slide shows down to between 75 and 100 slides per performance, and applied all the rules mentioned here, my audiences have remained interested and awake. At times they even applaud and ask for more. When they do, I screen one of my Southwestern "short-shorts" on cacti, sunsets, rock formations or Indian pueblos.—END

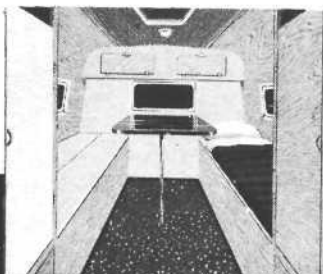
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By RANDALL HENDERSON

**I**N NOVEMBER I visited the site of the \$421 million Glen Canyon Dam near the Arizona-Utah border—a project of tremendous importance to all of us whose homes are in the desert Southwest. The coffer-dam in the Colorado was completed many months ago and the river diverted through two diversion tunnels.

But work came to a halt last July 6 and the power equipment brought in by the contractor is still idle as this is being written early in December. The workmen went out on strike in a dispute involving subsistence pay, and there appears to be no immediate prospect that an agreement will be reached. In the meantime the communities of Kanab, Utah, and Page, Arizona, and in fact much of southern Utah and northern Arizona are suffering the pangs of economic doldrums.

The situation at Glen Canyon Dam is a localized replica of the national steel strike. I do not know whether management or labor is most at fault in these disputes. But I share the concern of every American citizen when one of the basic freedoms of our democracy is in jeopardy. Directly or indirectly, we all have a stake in these labor-management disputes because in addition to the economic losses which ensue, they involve the democratic freedom of voluntary negotiation.

Compulsory arbitration is an autocratic device—and yet what alternative do we have when the selfishness or stubbornness of minority segments becomes a threat to the economic welfare of the majority? I do not know the answer but I am sure it lies somewhere in the direction of a more cooperative ideology than we now have. It is predicted that by the year 2000 A.D. the population in the United States will have doubled. I am afraid it will be a tragic era for my grandchildren if today's ruthless competition for the depleting natural resources of our country continues to accelerate in the ratio of population growth. Perhaps the time has come when our schools should be indoctrinating the youth of our land in the voluntary art of cooperation.

\* \* \*

The Desert Protective Council recently passed a resolution which I hope will be brought to the attention of all real estate subdividers, and especially the planning commissions and other governmental agencies which have control over the problem of housing for our fast increasing population.

The resolution was an appeal to all such agencies to require that in every subdivision and land development program there be set aside and dedicated to the public for future use for parks, schools, playgrounds, libraries and other non-profit cultural purposes a certain percentage of the acreage to be developed.

The urgency of this need was revealed recently when

the trustees of a newly formed junior college district in my home community of Coachella Valley contracted to pay \$600,000 of taxpayer money for a schoolsite which a few years ago could have been bought for less than one-twentieth of that amount. In this area of mushrooming development, land that could be bought 15 years ago for \$50 an acre now sells as high as \$10,000 an acre. The tragic aspect of this boom, not only here but in desert communities all over the Southwest, is that the public interest is being almost entirely ignored. In very few instances are subdividers far-sighted or altruistic enough to make provision for the educational and cultural needs of the new homeowners. They are building human anthills.

Apparently human greed is an old, old vice, for Isaiah in ancient Israel admonished his people against this folly when he wrote:

*"Woe unto them that join house to house,  
That lay field to field,  
Till there be no place,  
That they may be placed alone  
In the midst of the earth."*

Space—space and far horizons—are among the most charming assets of our desert land. I am sure most of us will share the interest of the Desert Protective Council in seeking to preserve as much as possible of space in which to play, to study, to read, or to enjoy a bit of solitude in communion with the things of Nature. Anthill life is conducive neither to health, happiness nor creative living.

\* \* \*

Visitors marvel at the beautiful flower gardens we are able to grow here on the desert. Actually, flowers on the desert are one of the desert's greatest gifts to humanity—as anyone will know who has visited this arid land during the spring months following a heavy rainfall in January.

I am indebted to John H. Storer for explaining in his book *The Web of Life*, why this is possible. Much of the mineral fertility of the soil comes from rocks (and remember that sand merely is pulverized rock). Storer writes ". . . rain combines with carbon dioxide from the air to form a mild acid which dissolves minerals from the rocks. If the rain is not too heavy these dissolved minerals stay near the surface where plants can use them for food, and under such conditions the soil becomes very fertile. Some of the most fertile lands in the United States are in Arizona."

But too much rainfall or irrigation tends to leach these minerals away from or beyond the reach of the plant roots and thus reduce the fertility of the soil. Hence, areas of extreme rainfall may be less fertile than the sands of the desert.



# FLYING JEWELS

## . . . OF THE DESERT . . .

By EDMUND C. JAEGER

Curator of Plants, Riverside Municipal Museum

### A DESERT NATURALIST DESCRIBES SOME OF HIS FIELD OBSERVATIONS ON HUMMINGBIRDS

**I**N THE shrub-covered deserts, especially in Southern California and adjacent Baja California, one of the most common of feathered midgets is the Costa's Hummingbird. The male sports a bronzy green coat with an exquisite bright-hued gorget or ruff of violet.

Not long ago I had the pleasure of watching the more somber-colored female bird constructing her nest along the edge of a rocky gorge. She was building it far out toward the end of a long wand-like creosote bush limb being swayed back and forth much of that day by a stiff breeze. This made no difference to this hummer, and she made trip after trip to bring in plant fibers, bits of leaves, and plant down. With her long slender beak she put these materials in place and pressed her breast against the inside of the cup-like structure to shape it. Like all hummingbird nests, it was a very tiny thing—but still took the better part of several days to construct.

A few days later a terrific wind began blowing, kicking up sand and filling the air with dust clouds. Wondering how my little friend was faring in such a storm, I visited the bush, and to my amazement found the bird calmly "sitting tight" on the nest. The creosote limb was being lashed up and down, back and forth—often through an arc of 60 or 70 degrees.

Later, after her two tiny white eggs hatched, more bad weather visited the area, and the nestlings' "cradle" was furiously rocked again. But through it all the birdlings were unharmed, and in a few more days were ready to leave the nest. Such happenings are all part of a hummingbird's life, and nature has prepared them for it.

One recent day as I was camping in a willow-tree thicket on the edge of a desert canyon streamlet, a red-breasted sapsucker flew in and straightway began chiseling an orderly pattern of small rectangular holes on a tree trunk. Above and below this area of his labors, and on other willows nearby, were similar fresh cuttings in the bark, for this was a place these birds often frequented.

The watery tree-sap soon collected in droplets in the new rows of small holes, and I saw my bird visitor begin "tonguing" these up. By merest chance I looked up and saw a small hummingbird quietly sitting at the end of a nearby dead twig—closely watching the sapsucker's activities, too, but for a far different reason.

After taking what sap had oozed out, the sapsucker had a way of flying away for a time while more sap accumulated. This gave the hummingbird its chance, and no sooner would his woodpecker cousin depart than Mr. Hummingbird began probing for sap himself. He took what he could before the rightful owner returned. Each time the sapsucker started back, the

watchful hummer precipitously retired to his nearby perch, there to assume a wholly disinterested and innocent attitude. This behavior was so human-like that I cannot resist ascribing to this bird a very superior intelligence.

Once I made my camp near a patch of red-flowering penstemons and horse-thistles. The air above these showy flowers was alive with Allen's Hummingbirds gorgeously attired in iridescent green, brown and red feathers.

I soon observed that each of the pugnacious males were zealously guarding small patches of the flowers from which they harvested nectar—"feeding preserves" about 25 feet in diameter. From these areas the claimants attempted to drive away all intruders.

The boundaries of these prescribed territories were surprisingly definite. Both male and female trespassers were similarly harassed, and the punitive attacks and resulting combats were exceedingly fierce. Not only were long beaks used to stab intruders, but at times the birds actually grappled with one another. The dashing hot-tempered males sometimes attacked in mid-air. At other times they drove the trespassers into bushes and there so vigorously stabbed them that fatal injuries resulted. I picked up several dead birds before the afternoon was over.

Some years ago I became acquainted with a very likable lad in one of our mid-desert towns, and invited him on a botanical collecting trip. When the boy appeared he came with full camping gear which included several brilliant red blankets.

It was very cold the first night out, and we put these blankets over our sleeping bags. The fact that the red material was thus exposed produced one of the most unusual experiences I've ever had with hummingbirds.

These birds are always attracted by red, especially cinnabar red such as colored our blankets. The hummers spotted the blankets next morning and were utterly fascinated by them all day. Six, eight and even 10 of them would be posed in flight above us at one time. The birds would hover awhile then dart away, only to return moments later.

For two weeks the blankets gave me a look into hummingbird life I'd never had before. Never would they actually alight on the blanket, in fact, seldom in their inspections did they get nearer than 18 inches. But that was all in our favor, for we could lie in comfort and marvel at the beauty and dexterity of these creatures in flight. As hummingbirds go, they were a rather well-behaved lot. There were the usual menacing thrusts and chase flights, but little of the belligerent behavior I observed in the Allen's Hummingbirds.—END

For a color photo of a hummingbird  
in flight, turn the page . . .

## FLASHY DESERT VISITOR

The male Rivoli's Hummingbird shown on this page is a resident of Mexico and Central America. In late winter a few of these large hummers come to the warm mountains of southeastern Arizona and southwestern New Mexico—colorful and welcome "touristas" from south of the border. Photograph is by Brower Hall.

Other hummingbirds are discussed on the inside back cover by Naturalist Edmund C. Jaeger.

